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LETTERS should be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, *Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard*, 48 Beekman-st., New York.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

ADVICE OF THE REBELS TO THEIR NORTHERN FRIENDS.

From the Richmond Whig, Aug. 18.

A MIGHTY responsibility rests upon the Convention shortly to assemble at Chicago, to nominate a candidate for President against Lincoln. Untold results depend upon the action of that body. Never before had a mere political assembly such vast interests committed to its charge. Either Abraham Lincoln or the nominee of that Convention will be elected President of the United States for four years from the 4th of March next. Within that period events must occur which will shape the destiny of this continent. *If Lincoln be continued in power, the war will be indefinitely prolonged. If he be defeated, the war may be brought to a speedy, honorable and satisfactory close.* It is in the power of the Chicago Convention to overthrow Lincoln at the ballot-box. That body may therefore be regarded as somewhat the arbiter of Peace or War.

It is the sheerest nonsense for Southern people to affect indifference as to what is going on in the North, or as to whom the people of that section may have for President. So long as the present war lasts, and until there has been a definite treaty of peace, we will be directly and vitally affected by the action of the President of the United States; and it is a matter of the first importance to us that that functionary be a man who will have some regard for our rights, our interests and our honor. Nor are the interests of the Northern people less involved in the events to be controlled by their President than our own. In fact, they are really *more* concerned than we are. If Lincoln is continued in power, he will bring utter ruin upon the North. *He can* NEVER *ruin the South.* It is not denied that he is inflicting great injury upon us, but our subjugation he can never accomplish, while the gigantic war which he is waging for that purpose will, at no distant day, bring the North to hopeless bankruptcy, and, it may be, to the most desolating anarchy. Hence, as the North and the South are mutually interested in the question of a change of Administration, we make no apology for offering suggestions to the Northern Democracy as to their proper plan for the Presidential campaign.

The elements of opposition to Lincoln are amply sufficient for his defeat. It is quite clear that a majority of the Northern people desire the expulsion of Lincoln from power. All that is wanting is unity of action amongst them. Upon matters of minor importance, there is, as yet, a want of harmony. But the *will* is there for the accomplishment of the grand result, and it is the duty of the Chicago Convention to devise the *way*. This can be easily done. *The War Democrats, the Peace Democrats and the Fremont men, may all be readily blended into a coöperative solid whole.* The plan for securing this union of the Anti-Lincoln elements is perfectly simple.

There are two essential things to be done; and then there is another important thing which must not be done. In the first place the Convention must nominate some good man who is a statesman. In the next place *the Fremont faction must be judiciously manipulated. This can be done without difficulty.* Fremont and his supporters are zealously and sturdily anxious *for the defeat of Lincoln.* With proper management, they will gladly support any scheme which will insure that result. Fremont has but small chance of an election; and, if he runs the race through, it will be in the hope that he may subtract votes enough from the Republican party to defeat the Lincoln electors. This is so palpable that *he would receive the votes of very few men except those who are actuated by the paramount purpose to oust Lincoln.* Such men would go directly for the Chicago nominee, and thus their votes would tell more potently.

The important something which should not be done relates to the platform. It is the fashion of nominating conventions to adopt a string of resolutions embracing a declaration of political principles and doctrines to which the nominee is pledged. This has become a nuisance. It should be repudiated at Chicago as worthless rubbish—the device of a past age. *The Convention should adopt no platform. The mere presentation of a candidate will be indication of general opposition to Lincoln and his barbarous war, and that will be enough. Any set of resolutions which could be framed would be more or less distasteful or embarrassing to certain factions or individuals, whose coöperation is indispensable to success. Common hostility to Lincoln is all that is wanted.* It is not at all necessary to avow this formally by resolution. Let a candidate be put in the field, and then the issue will be narrowed directly down to the simple point of Lincoln or not Lincoln.

It is, of course, a matter of the first importance to have a proper man selected as the candidate. As before stated, the person chosen should be a good man and a statesman. Such men are not wanting, but the peculiar surroundings and present status of the several aspirants for the nomination should be carefully considered. In the choice of a candidate availability should be a paramount consideration. No one should be fixed upon who is conspicuously identified with any of the political factions which have been, and are still, intriguing for mercenary purposes; nor one who will aim to use the convention to advance his personal ends and private interests. The object to be gained rises far above all personal ambition, and above all ordinary party successes. That object is to rescue a great country from the blighting curse of a desolating war, which has been forced upon an innocent people by an imbecile President, at the instigation of an infuriated mob of fanatical Abolitionists.

Horatio Seymour, of New York, *might do.* He has uniformly opposed Lincoln's war policy; yet, as the Governor of a 'loyal State,' he has, in obedience to laws of Congress, sent New York's quota of soldiers to the field. He is thus in a good position to receive the votes of both War and Peace Democrats. Moreover, he has proposed to organize 75,000 State militia to enforce a decree of one of the State courts for the arrest and punishment of the agents selected by Lincoln to suppress newspapers in violation of law. *He thus defies Lincoln, and cowers not before his bayonet terrorism. In this he shows himself to be a great State Rights man,* and would receive the support of all who rely upon State Sovereignty for the protection of persons and property against central usurpation.

Fillmore would be a good selection. He is a statesman of well-tested experience; a known opponent of Lincoln; a gentleman and a patriot. From his antecedents and present position, he would be an admirable leader. All the opponents of Lincoln would enthusiastically rally to his standard.

McClellan should not be nominated. He has been an active candidate for the position ever since he was relieved of command of the Army of the Potomac. During that period he has spoken and written a deal about politics, and has talked, written and said unwisely. He opposes Lincoln's war policy because that particular kind of war will not restore the Union. He thinks that a war divested of barbarism would reunite the States. *This is about the only difference between him and Lincoln.* We would certainly prefer him to Lincoln, because if we have to fight, it is better to have a humane enemy than a remorseless barbarian. *But McClellan would not be available.* He seems to be opposed to Lincoln only on a single line. He is not general enough in his opposition. Besides all this, McClellan has shown conclusively that he is not the man for the times. He does not comprehend the struggle through which we are passing. *He had at one time a golden opportunity to end the war and annihilate the Abolition party at a single blow.* When he was struck down from command, he had but to say one word, and *his army would have followed him to Washington, swept Lincoln away, and installed him in supreme power.* This would have been a revolutionary movement; but it would have been less criminal than the usurpations which Lincoln has been constantly practising. It would have been the best thing which could possibly have been done for the North. But McClellan had neither the brain nor the nerve to take the step.

If an army hero is to be brought forward, *let it be Buell.* He can plead all the persecution at the hands of Lincoln that McClellan can. Nay, more, for he was struck down first. He is a man of large intellect, and a true, chivalrous soldier. He is the only Federal general who has ever been at the head of a large army in the South for whom the Southern people, soldiers and citizens, had any respect. Buell fought for the Union, but he fought armed men, and armed men alone. He scorned the idea of warring upon women and children. Nor would he tolerate the burning of houses, the robbing of hen-roosts, or the stealing of negroes. For thus deporting himself as a genuine, civilized soldier, he was thrown aside by Lincoln early in the war. If a military man is to be run, therefore, we insist upon the nomination of Buell.

Selections.

THE COTTON FAMINE.

From the Evening Post.

IN the year 1860 there were at work in Great Britain 2,650 cotton factories, in which were employed 440,000 persons, whose wages amounted to eleven and a half million pounds sterling—over fifty-seven million dollars—per annum. Of these working people ninety per cent. were adults and fifty-six per cent. were women and girls. Power equal to the strength of 300,000 horses drove the machinery; 30,387,467 spindles were turned by it at the rate of from four to six thousand revolutions per minute; 1,083,600,000 pounds of cotton were spun on these spindles in the year 1860, which was the *annus mirabilis* of the cotton trade. Seven millions of pounds more than this quantity was imported during the year. The capital invested in the business was sixty-five million sterling, equal to three hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars; and the productions of the year 1860 were of the value of £76,012,380, nearly thirty million dollars more than the gross revenue of Great Britain during the same period. All this machinery was thrown out of use; all these hands were thrown out of employment; all this vast industry was brought to a stop—in order that three hundred thousand slaveholders might strike a blow for the destruction of free government on this continent, and for the spread and perpetuation of human slavery. It must be said for them that they scarcely believed they would cause so great a disturbance abroad; they had thoroughly persuaded themselves that Englishmen were cowards; the Charleston *Mercury* and the Richmond *Enquirer* boasted that "in three weeks" England would acknowledge the supremacy of king cotton; they scornfully prophesied that the "pauper hordes" of Lancashire would quickly demand the recognition of the cotton Confederacy. How little they knew English workingmen—how shamefully they deceived themselves about the cowardice of Englishmen—the events of the last three years have shown.

The story of Lancashire during those three years has just been told by Mr. R. A. Arnold, in a volume printed in London. A double misfortune oppressed the working-people of Lancashire. Not only did cotton at once rise largely in price, and thus discourage the manufacturers, but during the year 1860 these had glutted all the markets of the world with their goods, and at the beginning of the war their stock of goods on hand amounted in value to over one hundred million dollars. The war, by raising the price of cotton, slackened production, and saved the manufacturers from the effects of their previous over-production; but this did not benefit, but only made more difficult the situation of the operatives, which was not alleviated until, after nearly two years, the stock of manufactured goods was so reduced as to enable the manufacturers once more to set their mills going, to supply those necessities of the world which must be satisfied at even the high prices. Thus, while the mill-owners were selling their stock at great prices, and while the holders of cotton were making fortunes, the poor workmen and women were left to want.

In December, 1861, "middling Orleans," which had sold in April at 7¾ pence, brought a shilling a pound. In November 49 mills had stopped work, 119 were working on half time, and 8,063 hands were out of work. The drain upon the savings banks was already heavier than in any year since 1848. This was the beginning of the cotton famine. The press sounded a warning, and movements were begun to afford systematic relief to the distressed. Not only were money and the necessaries of life distributed, but intelligent men and women, seeing that idleness leads by a short road to vice, bethought themselves to establish schools and other means for occupying beneficially the time of the workmen and women who stood idle. In this way incalculable good was done; and by their readiness to suit themselves to their sadly changed circumstances, their desire to help themselves; and their generally tractable disposition, patience and good will, the operatives won the good opinion of all who came near them. What the change was, may be seen from the single fact that at this time families which formerly had earned from seven and a half to ten dollars per week, were now forced to live upon relief money not exceeding two dollars and a half. It will be counted forever to the honor of this great population, that they bore their heavy burden with manly and Christian fortitude. An English writer tells us:

"It may be said with truth that there was, from the beginning, a strong *individual* sense of duty throughout all the distressed districts. The families of the working classes, as a rule, were unwilling to subsist on food which they had not earned; those who had saved money subsisted upon it; and when it was gone they sacrificed their furniture, their clothes, everything in fact that the pawnbrokers would give them money for. There was a marked decrease in the return of the quantity of spirits consumed."

In April, 1862, the Mansion House Committee, the first of the two great organizations for systematic relief of the distressed operatives, was formed. On the 20th of June, the Manchester Central Relief Committee, the other, was formally established. The management of these two associations fell into capable hands; and they were generously supported by the people. They had need of all the funds they received. In September, 1862, Preston alone had twenty-four thousand names on the committee relief books; while ten thousand others in the same place received aid at the rate of about thirty-five cents per week from the poor-law guardians.

The distress still grew daily; but so did the means for its alleviation. At the close of December, at a meeting of the great landholders of Lancashire, $650,000 were subscribed; and this brought the subscriptions of Lancashire up to two and a quarter million dollars. On the 6th of December, four days after this meeting, the distress reached its maximum. 271,983 persons were receiving relief, at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars per week. With the beginning of 1863 the tide began to turn. The stock of cotton goods was getting low, the demand was increasing, prices rose, and the manufacturers began slowly to reopen their mills. Still, even at this time, many mills are closed, and thousands of operatives are still unemployed, or have turned to other occupations.

During these years of bitter want and unmerited suffering the people of Lancashire were quiet, orderly, law-abiding; they showed an intelligent appreciation of the cause of their misfortunes; they resisted every attempt of bad men to lead them to acts in violation of the laws. Those who predicted "bread-riots" were disappointed; there were, in all the three years, but two slight disturbances, and one of these was the work of thieves and street-boys. More than this, to the lasting honor of the people, the insidious efforts of renegade Englishmen and paid Southern agents, to induce these Lancashire men to demand the interference of their government in the American war, failed. They were told in speeches, pamphlets, handbills, posters and addresses of all kinds that British intervention would at once put a stop to the war, would make cotton cheap and plenty, would restore the starving workmen and women to employment, would give bread to all; but they were not tempted in their bitterest needs; the subtlest sophistries of the slave-lords and their friends could not deceive or mislead these brave working-people. For their steadfastness in the cause of liberty and free government they have the gratitude of all true Americans; and by their good conduct through unprecedented trials they helped onward, more than a century of argument, the cause of popular liberty in England. When tories there hereafter argue against free schools and popular education, liberals will point to the conduct of the operatives during the cotton famine as proof of the benefits, to the community, of educating the masses of the people—these Lancashire cotton-spinners are the best test of the English laboring-classes. And when tories deny the capacity of the people to rule themselves under difficult circumstances, and throw doubt upon the good judgment and respect for law of the educated laboring masses, a sufficient answer will be to point to Lancashire during the cotton famine.

Americans watched closely the trial through which our brethren in England were passing; for Americans knew that there, among the cotton mills as much as here in our own land, the capacity of the people for self-government was on trial. If they failed there, that would have been a blot upon the cause, as much as if we should fail here. They behaved magnificently; their conduct is an honor to them, and a joy to the lovers of popular liberty everywhere. Our trials are not yet over; and they are now looking to us, as we eighteen months ago looked to them. Let Americans bear this in mind and be doubly bound to endure and be faithful to the end—for not only our own interests, but those of the workingmen of Europe, are at stake.

THE CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT LETTER FROM GENERAL SEYMOUR.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19, 1864.

To the Editor of the New York Herald.

I HAVE just received the following most interesting letter from Gen. Truman Seymour. As it is of the greatest consequence we should know just the condition of the South, I beg you will publish it. Gen. Seymour is an old West Point officer, stationed many years at the South, was with Gen. Anderson at Sumter, in the beginning of the war, and knows the Southern people well. He was one of the Union Generals placed under fire at Charleston, and has just been released. He is a brave, true soldier, devoted to the Union, and although accused of too close adherance to his old principles as a Democrat, he proved by his plucky speech to the rebels at Gordonsville that he was every inch loyal to the old flag. Yours, etc., W. E. DODGE, Jr.

GENERAL SEYMOUR'S LETTER.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS., Aug. 15, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR: You ask for my impressions of the present condition of the Southern Confederacy, and you shall have them. For the benefit of our cause I wish they might be impressed upon every soul in the land, that the confidence begotten of my three months' observations in the interior of the South might be shared by every man who has the least connection with the responsibilities of this struggle; and I am sure these opinions are not peculiar to myself. Every one of the fifty officers just exchanged will express the same; every one of our men, whether from the jails of Charleston or the pens of Macon or Andersonville, will confidently tell the same story.

The rebel cause is fast failing from exhaustion. Their two grand armies have been reinforced this summer from the last resources of the South. From every corner of the land old men and every boy capable of bearing a rifle has been impressed, willingly or unwillingly, and hurried to the front. Lee's army was the first so strengthened. It was at the expense of Hood's. Gov. Brown told the truth with a plainness that was very bitter; but it was none the less truth. Let me extract a few prominent statements from his proclamation of July 9, addressed to the reserved militia of Georgia:

"A late correspondence with the President of the Confederate States satisfies my mind that Georgia is to be left to her own resources to supply the reinforcements to Gen. Johnston's army which are indispensable to the protection of Atlanta, and to prevent the State being overrun by the overwhelming numbers now under the command of the Federal General upon our soil.

"But there is need of future reinforcements, as will be seen by the accompanying letter of Gen. Johnston, * * and it becomes my duty to call out every man in the State able to bear arms, as fast as they can be armed, and in the defence of our homes and altars, and the graves of our ancestors.

"If the Confederate government will not send the large cavalry force (now engaged in raiding and repelling raids) to destroy the long line of railroads over which Gen. Sherman brings his supplies from Nashville, and thus compel him to retreat with the loss of most of his army, the people of Georgia, who have already been drawn upon more heavily in proportion to population than those of any other State in the Confederacy, must, at all hazards and at any sacrifice, rush to the front.

"If Gen. Johnston's army is destroyed, the Gulf States are thrown open to the enemy, and we are ruined."

There must, indeed, have been desperate weakness when Georgia, and the Southern cause with it, were so neglected that Lee's army might be made equal to the task of holding Grant to the Potomac or the James, and the people of the South are intelligent enough to understand and appreciate the fact, and they have lost heart accordingly.

The following is from a letter written by one rebel to another, that accidentally fell into the hands of one of my fellow-prisoners, and for the authenticity of which I vouch:

"Very few persons are preparing to obey the late call of the Governor. His summons will meet with no response here. The people are soul-sick and heartily tired of this hateful, hopeless strife.

"They would end it if they could; but our would-be rulers will take good care that no opportunity be given the people to vote against it. By lies, by fraud, and by chicanery this revolution was inaugurated; by force, by tyranny and by the suppression of truth it is sustained. It is nearly time that it should end; and of sheer depletion it must end before long. We have had enough of want and of woe, enough of cruelty and carnage, enough of cripples and weeping widows and orphaned children in the land. If we can, let us not increase the number. The men who, to aggrandize themselves, or to gratify their own political ambition, brought this cruel war upon a peaceful and prosperous country will have to render a fearful account of their misdeeds to wronged, robbed and outraged people. Earth has no punishment sufficiently meet for their villany here, and hell will hardly be hot enough to scathe them hereafter."

This is certainly no small proportion of the Southern people—despite the dying declarations of their Generals, as we had good occasion to learn—that not only favors the progress of our arms, but that daily prays that this exterminating war may soon be brought to a finality by our complete and perfect success.

They have had too much of despotism, not enough of the triumph promised them. Many intelligent Southern gentlemen do indeed express strong hopes of their ultimate independence, but such hope is not shared by the masses. Disappointed at first in not being acknowledged by foreign powers, more bitterly disappointed in their general expectations that Northern cowardice or dissension would secure their ends, but a single chance remains, and that is the result of our next election for President. If a Democrat succeeds to Mr. Lincoln, they profess to feel sure of negotiations and their Confederacy. They believe a Democrat will be elected. In Mr. Lincoln's reelection they see only subjugation, annihilation; for the war must then continue, and continuance is their failure and ruin.

In military affairs it is an excellent rule never to do what the enemy desires; is it not equally true in politics? Certain it is that the remaining hope of the South lies in Mr. Lincoln's defeat.

Now, I am not enough of a politician to know whether the election of a Democrat can result as favorably to the South as it anticipates. Their wish alone may be the parent of their belief. But I assured all who expressed that belief that the North, as a mass, is as united as the South; that no Democrat could be elected on a peace platform, and that any President who would inaugurate any measure leading to peace on the basis of Southern independence, would be promptly hung, by loyal acclamation, to the lamp post in front of his own Presidential mansion.

However that may be, if we are but true to ourselves there can be but one result. What we now need is men, only men. Not substitutes or hirelings, who go forth with any motive but their country's good, and produce but little beyond depreciating our armies; but men, such as really constitute the State, and boast of being freemen and the sons of freemen. If these fail to support their country's cause in her hour of peril, they are unworthy of continuing freemen, and should blush ever to exercise a freeman's privileges. But if bounties be paid, let it be in Southern land, not in Northern gold, and armies of emigrants, whose sons may aspire to win the rule of the nation, will cross the seas to win the broad acres that disloyalty has forfeited to the State. To every intelligent soldier who has fought through all these indecisive campaigns, on almost numberless fields, the question continually arises, with touching force, why do we not overwhelm our enemies?

Tens of thousands of lives are lost because our array of strength is so disproportionately less than that against which we battle. Everywhere we meet on nearly equal terms, when we might well have four to one. The cost to us in blood and treasure of a prolonged war can hardly be foreseen; the economy is infinite of such an effort as the glorious North should put forth.

The South will fight as long as the struggle is equal. It will submit to such preponderance as we should show in every field.

Glance at the Summer's campaign. If Sherman had but fifty or seventy-five thousand more men the South would be lost, because Hood would be annihilated. If Meade had moved in the Spring, with reserves of seventy-five to one hundred thousand men, Lee would have been hopelessly crushed. Even at this moment a third column of forty to fifty thousand men, rightly moved, would give unopposed blows to the Confederacy from which she should never rise.

What folly, then, to struggle on in this way, when we can send to the field five times the force already there? What weakness to think we cannot conquer the South! Behind the James only boys and old men are to be seen, while here men buy and sell as in the olden days of quiet, and regiments of able-bodied citizens crowd the streets of our cities.

There is but one course consistent with Northern safety and honor. Let the people awake to a sense of their dignity and strength, and a few months of comparatively trifling exertion of such effort as alone is worthy of the great North, and the rebellion will crumble before us. Fill this draft promptly and willingly with good and true men, send a few spare thousands over rather than under the call, and the Summer sun of 1865 will shine upon a regenerated land.

There are some who speak of peace. Of all Yankees the Southron most scorns those who do not fight, but are glad to employ them, as they do their slaves, to perform their dirty work. Peace for the South will be sweet indeed; for us, except through Southern subjugation, but anarchy and war forever. The Pacific, the Western, the Eastern States would at once fall asunder. The South would be dominant, and the people of the North would deserve to be driven afield, under negro owners, to hoe corn and cotton for Southern masters.

But no faint-hearted or short-sighted policy can set aside the eternal decrees of the Almighty, who has planted no line of division between the Atlantic and the western deserts—between the great lakes and the Gulf of Mexico—that signify His will that we should be separated; and its advocacy is treason against the wisest and holiest interests of our country.

It has been with a trust that renewed hope and vigor might be given—when vigor and hope are needful—that I have written, and you have my consent to using this as you please; and I am, very truly, yours, TRUMAN SEYMOUR,

Brig.-Gen. United States Volunteers.

LETTER FROM JOHN G. WHITTIER.

AMESBURY, 29 8th mo., 1864.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I see so much in the *Liberator* to approve of, that it really gives me pain to meet with anything which seems of a contrary character. And I am sure thee will pardon the frankness of an old friend if I mention that I have read with regret, in the selected matter of the paper, extracts from partisan journals severely denunciatory of Gen Fremont, impeaching his character and motives. As a mere matter of policy, such denunciations are not needed in support of the Baltimore nomination. If Lincoln cannot be voted for without disparaging and sacrificing Fremont, his election is entirely hopeless. Gen. Fremont has enjoyed a wide popularity as the chosen leader of the well-nigh successful effort in 1856 to place the government on the side of freedom. His name and reputation are dear to thousands. They may regard as an error of judgment his position as a candidate, and at the same time do justice to his motives as a loyal man. He was one of the first to offer his life and services in the present great struggle for Union and Liberty; and I know that thou wilt agree with me, that the course of the Administration in regard to him constitutes one of those passages which the best friends of the President find most difficult to explain or justify; and although at a time like this, when event crowds upon event, and hopes, fears and disappointments pass over us like waves in daily alternation, it is not wise to dwell upon past errors, or to cherish resentments and prejudices, nothing is more certain than that the loyal heart of the country remembers the joy awakened by the Freedom Proclamation in Missouri, and the pain and doubt and misgiving which followed its revocation and the recall of its author.

Under the circumstances, the great body of those who voted for Fremont in 1856 will vote for President Lincoln this Fall. But they still cherish kindly feelings towards their old standard-bearer; they believe in his integrity; they are proud of his genius and his history. And for myself, looking over the country in this hour of her extremest need, it does not appear to me that we are so rich in examples of eminent patriotism and ability that we can afford to cast off such a man as John C. Fremont.

Believe me, very truly, thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

REMARKS.—Our friend Whittier may feel perfectly assured that it is far from our intention or wish to do any injustice to Gen. Fremont in our columns, or to forget the noble service he tried to render the cause of emancipation in Missouri. But no man ever lost admiring and enthusiastic friends more rapidly than he has done within the last six months. We have done no more than to show, by the extracts we have made from journals till somewhat recently disposed warmly to applaud his course, how great is the change thus wrought in popular feeling in regard to him; and if some of the criticisms are sharp and caustic, even to severe denunciation and rebuke, we think the temper and tone of his letter accepting his preposterous nomination at Cleveland, and the marked encouragement given to the Fremont movement, as such, by the seditious Copperheads throughout the North, justify their utterance in a solemn crisis like this. Fremont has cast himself off by his distracting course.—*Liberator.*

"PEACE AT ANY PRICE."

THE people, we are sure, do not fully comprehend the reach and meaning of this phrase, though the developments rapidly taking place are making them acquainted with it. The Indiana revolvers are powerful preachers, and they show precisely the character of the peace which these truculent shriekers desire. They pray for peace. They are determined on peace. They will vote for no man who does not go for peace. So they form secret associations, and plot for peace. Then they buy thirty thousand revolvers to control elections in the interests of peace. If their neighbors do not consent to peace, they propose to murder them. In short, they propose to go to fighting at home, inaugurate a new civil war, launch a new revolution, set new rivers of blood flowing, do what lies further in their power to ruin the country, and bring new horrors to every hearth and heart in the land, and all in the interests of peace! The country may as well rise to meet this new demonstration of treason first as last. She tolerated the Southern rebels too long, and we can tolerate these too long. The government will utterly fail in its duty to the country if it does not keep a sharp eye on all these disloyal movements, and visit the first and every overt act with swift punishment. Every honest lover of his country, Republican and Democrat alike, will support the government in any measure which administers to overt treason in the Northern States short shrift and bloody doom. Nay, every lover of his country, of whatever party, will hold the government responsible for all the damage these devils may do. If we fight traitors at the South, let us save a bullet for every man who dares, here at the North, to destroy our unity, and strives to give the country into the hands of its sworn enemies.

These peace men with revolvers in their hands: who are they? They are men who have, from the first, given all the aid and comfort to the enemy in their power. They have opposed the government, railed at the government and sympathized with Davis and his fellow-rebels. They are the companions and co-laborers of the rebel conspirators at Niagara—the arch rebel's chosen emissaries. They have, from the first, rejoiced in every rebel victory and groaned over every rebel defeat. They are, in heart, indeed, and in reality, rebels, living north of Mason's and Dixon's line; and they want peace for precisely the same reason that the rebels do—that the South may achieve her independence. They are working in the interests of the Confederate States and not in the interests of the United States; and there is nothing which would so nearly break their hearts (such as they have) to-day, as to hear that Richmond was in Grant's hands and Atlanta in Sherman's. This is perfectly notorious, and yet people do not like to acknowledge to themselves that these men by hundreds and thousands are thronging to Chicago to attend a Convention with the purpose of securing the nomination, as a candidate for President of the United States, *of one of their own number!*

Are we ready to meet these men? Is the government ready to meet them, when, failing to control the nomination or the election for the interests of treason, they proclaim the peace principles at the lips of their revolvers? Is it ready to treat them as it treats other traitors? If it is not, it is time it were. This fair heritage is not to be still further defiled, we trust, through the childish credulity and the criminal forbearance of the National government. The game is in its own hands. It has the means for perfect self-protection, and if it fails to use them in such a way that they shall never need to be used again, it will bring upon itself the execration of every honest lover of his country in the land. All it wants is spirit and determination to finish up these marplots at short notice.—*Springfield Republican.*

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

Correspondence of the New York Times.

CHICAGO, Tuesday, Aug. 30, 1864—8 a.m.

THE scene in this city last night is beyond description. The multitude, let loose from the Convention, assembled in several different places, and public speaking was going forward with great vehemence at at least six stands at the same time. Bedlam was let loose. Everybody was on the rampage, and every village politician was spoiling to have a drive at the Administration; and some twenty-five or thirty, more or less, were gratified; and the bitterness, hate and malignity displayed toward the Administration, and toward Mr. Lincoln personally, knew no bounds. It could not have been surpassed in the Richmond Congress, or in the South Carolina Legislature. No man since the days of Jackson has been better abused than Mr. Lincoln. All the elements of detraction and slander were let loose upon his head last night.

At the principal club-room the redoubtable Capt. Rynders gave one of his characteristic exhibitions. It was a rich treat for the crowd there assembled. Somehow or other our Democratic friends do love to give homage to such characters as this. The worst men in or about the Convention are applauded the loudest.

I was attracted by a loud yelling voice issuing from amidst the crowd in the Court-house square. It proved to belong to a Rev. Prof. Johnson, of Missouri. I listened long enough to hear him say that if it should be necessary, for the settlement of our difficulties, to allow a few stars to form a constellation by themselves, we can be just as safe under a Union of Republics as under a Union of States. "I want to see this whole continent bound together by a Union of Republics." This is doubtless the prevailing sentiment of the leaders here, but most of them have neither the honesty nor the courage to avow it.

A brother professor, Wedgwood of New Jersey, followed. He threatened that the same scenes which had desolated Missouri would be witnessed in Illinois in less than six months, if peace was not secured. His audience amended this, by averring that they would prevail all over the country. They evidently will, if these demagogues can accomplish their purposes.

The next speaker I happened upon was C. C. Burr, who, I believe, makes no secret of his full approval of the doctrine of secession; and he made a speech in accordance with his principles. He waxed wroth, and exclaimed, "We have been living under a despotism a thousand times worse than that of Austria. [Had the gentleman's remarks been a thousandth part true, his *headquarters* would have been in the halter ere this.] You have not resented the repeated infringements upon your rights. You prefer to await peaceably the close of Mr. Lincoln's term of office. That term will prove the limit of your endurance. It has been a marvel to me that Abraham Lincoln and those of his Cabinet who have ordered arbitrary arrests should be allowed to cumber the green earth." This is a specimen brick, by which you can correctly judge of the whole. In fact, as I have before remarked, one speech will answer as an index to the entire brood.

Wickliffe, of Kentucky, and Henry Clay Deane, of Iowa, rather put the climax upon the whole concern in the way of blackguardism and blasphemy. Such men as those, being at large—traitors most malignant and mischievous, without the courage to meet the consequences as their Southern brethren have done—are a living lie to the charges of tyranny against the Administration. Loyal men think that a charge of too much leniency would lie much rather.

George Francis Train amused himself by getting off mottoes upon Gen. McClellan, August Belmont, and others of the Anti-Peace party.

There was a torchlight procession, represented to be composed of the friends of Mr. Seymour. They paraded the streets with banners and music. Upon the banners were various inscriptions, devised in a spirit of the most arrant demagogueism, and calculated to prejudice and inflame the unthinking multitude. The whole thing passed off with general good humor, notwithstanding the vast amount of liquor which had been absorbed. There were several personal encounters between "peace men" and McClellanites, but nothing serious.

WHAT AN INDIANA COLONEL SAID.

"A large majority of Rosecrans's men went into the war friendly to slavery; but not one of them would now consent to any peace that did not destroy it root and branch. Nine months ago I left home a Breckinridge Democrat, and now, sir, I'm as black an Abolitionist as Wendell Phillips.

"And what, pray, turned you about so suddenly?

"Seeing slavery *as it is.* One little incident convinced me that a negro is a man—just as much of one as I am—and therefore not fit to be a slave. It occurred to me at Triune, where I am now stationed. Just outside of our lines lives a planter who professes strong Union sentiments. He used to mix freely with our officers, keep open house for them, and was, apparently, a whole-souled, hospitable fellow. He owned a good many negroes, and among them a quiet, respectable old darkey of about sixty, who supplied my mess with eggs and poultry. Not long ago our pickets, stationed about one hundred yards from this planter's house, were fired upon several times from the woods near by. It was done regularly twice a week, and on each occasion occured about two o'clock in the morning. At last one of our boys was hit, and, being in command of the pickets, I set about investigating the matter. There was nothing to point suspicion at the planter, except the fact of his being a slaveholder, but that convinced me he had a hand in it. I never knew one of them, however strong his professions of loyalty, who was not at heart a rebel.

"I sent for the old darkey, to question him, and, learning of it, the planter came to my quarters, and insisted that he had a right to hear what his negro said. I was satisfied I couldn't get the truth out of the slave in the master's presence, but I consented to go on with the examination. I put some leading questions to the old man, and in a quiet, straightforward way he told me that an officer of Bragg's army had been in the habit of visiting the mansion every few nights for several weeks. He said he came about midnight, left his horse and orderly concealed in the woods, and went up to the mistress's room as soon as he entered the house. There the master would join him, and remain with him generally for an hour or two. And he added, with perfect coolness: 'D'rec'ly afer de cap'n wud leab, sar, I'd allers yere de shootin' 'mong de trees. I reckoned dat wus bery quar, till finarly, one day, I yered massa, a-tellin' missus dat de cap'n war bound to wing one ob dem Yankees anyhow.' I asked him why the officer went there, and the old fellow, scratching his wool, and assuming a very stupid look, said:

"'I doesn't know, cunnel. It allers 'peared bery quar ter me dat he shud come, but I reckons de secesh wants ter larn whot's gwine on in de camps. Massa, neseff, wus allers bery curous 'bout dat, sar, an' he sot me, ober an' ober agin, ter fine out—tole me I muss keep my yeres wide open wheneber I toted you de truck; but, you allers had your mouth shet so bery close, cunnel, dat I neber could fine out a ting not a ting, sar."

Here the colonel burst into a fit of laughter. As soon as he could re-adjust the muscles of his mouth to the English dialect, he continued:

"Through the whole of this, the planter threatened him, and he finally stormed, and raved at him like a madman, but the old Christian went on as quiet as a Quaker meeting, only once in a while answering his master, with—'You knows it'm de Lord's truth, massa. I karn't say nuffin else, massa; I'se bery sorry, massa—'pears like I'd die fur you, massa, 'case I toted you when you's a chile, an' I'se allers lubed you; but I karn't say nuffin else—de Lord woant let me say nuffin else, massa. No, He woant!'

"The darkey knew we might march at any moment, and that, when we did, there were ninety-nine chances in a hundred of his being whipped to death by his master, or by some of the neighbors, if his master wasn't left to do it; and yet he was as cool as I am. Martin Luther, when he went into Worms, expecting to meet the devil himself, didn't show the moral courage of that old negro. He convinced me that the black is altogether too much of a man to be a slave.

"'And what did you do with the master?

"'Nothing. Our brigadier, who had been a frequent guest at his house, thought it not exactly the thing to hang a white man on a nigger's' testimony, and so let him off. If I had had my way, he would have hung higher than Haman.

"'And what became of the negro?

"'Not many days after his master was released, he came to my tent one evening, and with a little hesitation, said: 'Cunnel, I don't want ter 'sturb you, but de Lord come ter me lass night, sar, an' he telled me ter left you know what's a gwine on.'

"'And what is a going on?' I asked.

"'Wall, you see, cunnel, de debil have got inter massa; an' he swar he'm gwine ter kill me fur tellin' you 'bout de secesh cap'n.'

"I assured him I would protect him, and accordingly, in a day or two, I packed him off, with his traps and family, to the free States. It wasn't exactly according to Tennessee law, and his owner protested warmly against it, but I advised him to prove his loyalty and claim his property of Uncle Sam.

"The old darkey lived in a little log cabin near his master's house, and the day he was to leave I rode out to see him safely off. His small amount of personal property was stowed away in the ambulance which was to take him to Nashville; and his wife, a good-looking mulatto (the old fellow himself was blacker than ink) had already mounted the wagon. A pretty quadroon woman of about thirty, who passed as his daughter—though she couldn't have been of his blood—was helping on to the seat one of the most beautiful white children I ever saw. She was well dressed, and had a fair, clear, rosy skin, and an eye as blue as indigo. Supposing she was the master's child, I asked her where she was going. 'Why, up North, massa, 'long wid gran'dad,' she answered.

"I was thunderstruck. She was the old woman's grandchild, the planter's own child, and a *slave!* I never till then realized what an accursed thing slavery is."—*Edmund Kirke.*

THE JAQUESS AND GILMORE PEACE MISSION.

From the Springfield Republican.

THE OFFICIAL REBEL ACCOUNTS.

MR. BENJAMIN, the rebel Secretary of State, has published a long account of the coming of Col. Jaquess and Mr. Gilmore ("Edmund Kirke") to Richmond, on a peace mission. They were passed through the lines at the request of Gen. Grant; and on distinctly representing that they came with the permission of Mr. Lincoln, and possessed of his views, and with the hope and belief that their mission would pave the way for official negotiations, which would result in peace, they were admitted to the presence of President Jeff. Davis. The only authority they showed from Mr. Lincoln, was a card in Mr. Gilmore's possession, on which the President had written a request to Gen. Grant to aid him and his friend in passing through the lines into the Confederacy; but both of them replied in the affirmative to this question from Mr. Benjamin:

"Do I understand you to state distinctly that you come as messengers from Mr. Lincoln for the purpose of agreeing with the President as to the proper mode of inaugurating a formal negotiation for peace, charged by Mr. Lincoln with authority for stating his own views and receiving those of President Davis?"

Of the interview between them and Mr. Davis, which brought their mission to an end—and their professed hopes to a sharp disappointment—Mr. Benjamin gives this explicit statement, which is important to be read:

"Mr. Gilmore then addressed the President, and in a few minutes had conveyed the information that those two gentlemen had come to Richmond impressed with the idea that this government would accept a peace on the basis of a reconstruction of the Union, the abolition of slavery, and the grant of an amnesty to the people of the States as repentant criminals. In order to accomplish the abolition of slavery, it was proposed that there should be a general vote of all the

assumed responsibility not given them, and made statements wholly untrue. While on the subject it is proper to state that the President after repeated solicitations consented to give Gilmore and Jaquess a pass through our military lines, but he did not request Grant to open correspondence with Lee to give them safe conduct to Richmond and return. Grant did that on his own responsibility. The President's request was merely that Grant would pass them through his military lines—nothing more."

COUNTER STATEMENT BY MR. GILMORE.

[Mr. Gilmore, in a letter to the *Tribune* of Monday, denies the truth of Mr. Benjamin's report in so far as it differs from his own. He says:]

It might be discourteous to state that Mr. Benjamin has wilfully misrepresented the whole of this conversation. I will, therefore, merely say, that while reporting it his imagination got the better of his memory. To sustain this assertion, I will simply notice one of his statements. He says:

"Mr. Gilmore then showed me a card written and signed by President Lincoln, requesting General Grant to aid Mr. Gilmore and friend in passing through his lines to the Confederacy."

Now, this asserted act of mine was simply an *impossibility*. The card referred to was addressed by President Lincoln to General Grant, and was delivered by me to the latter gentleman nine days prior to this interview. It has not been in my possession, nor have I seen it since I delivered it to General Grant. How, then, *could* I have shown it to Mr. Benjamin? The said card was published in the Boston *Transcript* of July 22d, and was pretty extensively copied into the newspapers of the North. The "Secretary of State of the Confederate States" undoubtedly thus learned of its existence. He did not learn of it from either Colonel Jaquess or myself, for neither of us alluded to it in any way whatever.

Mr. Benjamin's memory has played him false in regard to this entire conversation. I made none of the remarks he attributes to me—in fact, *I did not say ten words during the whole interview*. The conversation was altogether between Mr. Benjamin and Colonel Jaquess, and though I sat within three feet of him, and heard every word he said, I did not hear Colonel Jaquess make *any* of the remarks that Mr. Benjamin attributes to him. * * * It would not be "diplomatic" to say that Mr. Benjamin's report is false and mine is true, but I think simple truth will stand anywhere against adroit "diplomacy," and I am willing the "Commissioner to the Continent," and "the rest of mankind," shall judge between Mr. Benjamin's statement and my own.

But the Secretary's memory served him better in his narrative of our interview with Mr. Davis. It is true, he lets his desire to make us what we were not, color his report of this as well as of the other interview, and he fails to repeat, or even to allude to a large part of the conversation on that occasion; but the essential, and what seems to me most important portion of Mr. Davis's remarks, he gives in much stronger and more emphatic language than I have reported.

In regard to this whole matter I will add, that, with Mr. Benjamin's circular before me, I have carefully re-read what I have written in respect to the interview with him, and with Mr. Davis, and the attending circumstances, and that no part of my whole narrative can be altered or amended, and leave it consistent with the TRUTH.

In my published report I have, as explicitly as language can do it, disclaimed having, in any way, acted for Mr. Lincoln; but I will repeat, that neither Colonel Jaquess nor myself had any official or unofficial authority from the President; that we were not requested or authorized to express his views, opinions or desires to Mr. Davis, or to any one else; that our "mission to Richmond" was initiated and executed solely on our own private account and responsibility, and that we have uniformly and always said so both inside and outside of the rebel lines.

I notice a paragraph, copied from the *National Republican*, in which the editor of that paper says: "We are authorized and requested" to state various things about "the Gilmore-Jaquess mission." All of these things I believe to be correct, except the statements that General Lee gave us "a safe conduct to Richmond and return," and that "the President, after repeated solicitations, consented to give Messrs. Gilmore and Jaquess a pass through our military lines."

The Washington editor must have misunderstood Mr. Lincoln on these last points. He could not have made the statements, for they are not true. We had no safe conduct from Gen. Lee. The President did not communicate with Col. Jaquess at all. I asked him but once for a pass, and promptly, and with no hesitation, he gave it—as promptly, probably, as he would have given it to any one he was glad to be rid of. I do not mean the President shall be hanged for any of my sins, and I do not want to be hanged for any of his, therefore I make this unimportant correction.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

From The Independent.

A LETTER FROM ANNA E. DICKINSON.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 3d, 1864.

MY DEAR FRIEND: You ask me what I intend doing, and how I feel in regard to the Presidential campaign, now fairly inaugurated. From all parts of the country I receive letters containing the same inquiries—by no means put in the same spirit as that prompting yours; letters of warning, entreaty, advice, denunciation, abuse, upbraiding, for having deserted a good cause; for refusing to work with "my party," to swell its triumph next November; for using whatever influence I possess against the loyal representative of the people, who alone has any chance of success; for supporting a "faction," and its candidate, that tend only to the embarrassment, if not the ultimate defeat, of the Union element of the country, by dividing its councils, stirring up strife among its friends, weakening it by dissensions, and consequently strengthening the hands and the hearts of its enemies, north and south.

These letters were first an annoyance, then a trouble, finally an absolute persecution.

Therefore, without in the least supposing myself to be a person whose word and work in the world are of special worth or import, may I beg a space in your columns for a public answer, and a little talk that will set at rest all these disagreeable matters? I wish to say:

That my love for the dear cause is as great as ever (greater it could not be), my devotion to it as intense as three years or six months ago, and desertion of it impossible; though some so-called loyal men and papers have done their best to drive me from it, by misrepresentations and calumny:

That I have no "party," save that which strives with sword and pen, with blood and treasure, and precious lives, to save this country—a home for the oppressed—and to rebuild the old waste places, made desolate by slavery and a traitor's war:

That, as it has been the honor and the privilege of my life to have done what I could with this party in the past, so it would be my everlasting dishonor and shame to refuse now to work with it, whatever work may be proffered or found:

That I wish all people (who care to know) to understand that, when I conclude to desert my post, I shall travel straight to Richmond, and not stop at any half-way station:

That I have never run in favor of the Cleveland Convention and its representative; I am not now, and I never expect to be:

I have never spoken a word in public that would lead any sensible person to so suppose:

Last Winter, believing there were men in the country who would make better Presidents than the one we now have, I strove to build up a public sentiment that would demand and support one of these "better men."

I believed, further, that, by postponing the Convention from the 7th of June to the 1st of September, we had much to gain—the nomination of the Copperhead Democracy of the North, the announcement of its platform, the principles (or want of principle) on which it intended to work, its plans for the future; in a word, compelling it to show its hand before the loyalists played a card, and knowing with just what they were to meet and contend.

This was something. Beyond this, the Summer campaigns might not close as they began, and, as on this ending, not this beginning, depended, to a certain extent, the popularity and consequent success of whatever loyal representative might be placed before the people, I thought that no such representative should be nominated till these things should be decided—as a too early decision might end in a late indecision, if not open rupture in the party.

Whatever words I then spoke, I believed to be in the best interests of the country. Personally, I had everything to lose, and nothing to gain by the course pursued. I was laughed at, ridiculed, ostracised by people who up to that time had given me naught save most generous help, and over-liberal praise. I found

"Hard, indeed, the stranger's scoff;
Hard the old friends falling off";

and used sometimes to think, tugging away at my oars, how easy it would be slipping down stream—how weary pulling against the current; yet I felt then that I was in the right, and did not hesitate; I feel now that I was in the right, and do not regret.

That has all passed. Others felt as I. What remains? Naught save the heartiest union, the most earnest, persevering work—the most determined support of the party represented by Abraham Lincoln, from this moment till election morning.

Either this party must succeed, or the grand cause will fail.

Either this party must triumph, or the country will be led into an ignoble and deceitful peace, ending by a Union rent asunder.

Either this party must conquer, or all that has been gained for humanity to-day, for the ages yet to be, will be flung under foot and trampled to death by a man-hating aristocracy, a God-defying Slave Power!

Either this party must win, or the hope of the world will be destroyed, and "governments of the people, by the people, for the people, perish from the earth."

Either this party must control, or Heaven will weep, and Hell laugh aloud, as Liberty, Truth, and Justice are swept from the land by men who know only the will of their master, the Evil One, to do his work.

"But," said an earnest Abolitionist to me, a few days since, "I thought thee would not support Abraham Lincoln; I am surprised at thy readiness to work for him."

"My friend," I answered, "this is no personal contest. I shall not work for Abraham Lincoln; I shall work for the salvation of my country's life, that stands at stake—for the defeat of this disloyal peace party, that will bring ruin and death if it come into power."

"But why not work for some other man in whom thou hast perfect confidence?"

'Because all such work does but divide the friends of the Union, and so plays into the hands of its enemies: because, as Burke hath it, 'When bad men combine, the good must associate, else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.'"

"Well, I feel as thee felt before the nomination; I am opposed to Abraham Lincoln; I think it would be wrong for me to do anything to secure his reelection; and I am not willing to do evil that good may come."

"Does thee approve of war?" I asked.

"No. Decidedly not! Not in the main; but of this war I do very heartily approve."

"Thee does?"

"Certainly I do."

"And yet" I said, "we are in it, every day, doing evil that good may come—maiming noble specimens of men, spilling precious blood, offering thousands of dear lives, desolating homes, causing mourning and wailing, broken hearts, and darkened hearthstones all over the land, that liberty and free government may be saved, and that this country may remain a heritage to our children, a refuge for the wronged, the down-trodden, the oppressed of all the earth."

"That is very true, very true. I had not taken that into consideration; I will think of that."

My friends, let us all think of that.

First save the life of the nation; then we can carry our leader to a higher plane, a broader and nobler work than any he has yet accomplished.

The coming election day will strike a final blow, will lay out cold and dead a struggling rebellion; or it will pour fresh life and vigor into all its veins, and will send it on its way a giant, conquering and to conquer.

Who, then, can pause or hesitate?

"One last great battle for the right—
One short, sharp struggle to be free!
To do is to succeed—our fight
Is waged in Heaven's approving sight—
The smile of God is victory!"

Very truly yours,

ANNA E. DICKINSON.

[The *Independent*, which, as our readers generally know, was not pleased with the nomination of Lincoln, has at last come out squarely in his favor, deeming his election the only means of saving the country from Copperhead rule. We quote a paragraph from its stirring "Appeal to the People:"]

To Republicans and War-Democrats—to all staunch friends of the Union cause, by whatever political names they are called—to all good citizens who heretofore have cheerfully sustained the government in its efforts to conquer its enemies—we make an earnest and solemn appeal to heal all past divisions, and, in spite of the apathy and lukewarmness of the past few months, now to close the ranks, and henceforward to march shoulder to shoulder to the great struggle of November next. Let there be no disaffection in the only party competent to save the country. Let such alienations as now exist be straightway forgotten. If the Baltimore Convention was held too early, it is too late now to remedy that misfortune. If the Presidential candidate was not the best that might have been named, it is too late now to change our line of battle in face of the enemy. Our friends know that we strenuously urged, in May last, a postponement till Fall of the political campaign; nor was our first choice the distinguished name at the head of the ticket and the government. But we solemnly believe that the one and undivided duty of all loyal men is now to unite cordially, strenuously, enthusiastically to give victory to the platform and candidates of Baltimore, and overwhelming defeat to the platform and candidates of Chicago. Between the two, the choice is between patriotism and treason, between Slavery and Liberty, between a country and no country, between Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve!"

[The *Tribune* has also come out square for Lincoln. From a long article we quote the following:]

It is too late now to take a new departure. We must accept the situation with all its difficulties. If the Administration wants vigor, give it vigor; if it wants earnestness, give it earnestness; if it wants understanding, give it understanding. Infuse it with a people's will; invigorate it with a people's courage; reënforce it with a people's confidence; overwhelm it with a people's determination that Treason and Slavery shall never prevail against them, but that both shall be trampled under their feet. But never desert it. Never let its short-comings, its weaknesses, its short-sightedness, and its delays, defeat us. God knows it might have done better; God alone knows how much worse it might have done. We know, at least, that with it we have come well nigh to the overthrow of the rebellion; we know that, with a little more patience, a little more energy, a little more courage, we shall soon come to its utter overthrow. The end is near; the good and the true end is certain if we are faithful to ourselves, even with such tools as we have. The choice is no longer ours, whether we will throw them aside and try new ones. We must do this work with such as we have or not do it at all.

Henceforth, we fly the banner of Abraham Lincoln for the next Presidency, choosing that far rather than the Disunion and a quarter of a century of wars, or the Union and political servitude which our opponents would give us. Let the country shake off its apathy; let it realize what is the price of defeat—a price neither we nor the world can afford; let it be understood how near we are to the end of the rebellion, and that no choice is left us now but the instrument put into our hands, and that with that we can and must finish it. We grant, from our own convictions, much that can be said in criticism of the present Administration; for the sake of argument, we will grant anything that any honest and loyal man can say. And then this is our rejoinder—Mr. Lincoln has done seven-eighths of the work after his fashion; there must be vigor and virtue enough left in him to do the other fraction. The work is in his hands; if it passes out of them, it will be, as there are no better, but far worse, to receive it, to our utter ruin. We MUST reelect him, and, God helping us, we WILL.

A WELL-MERITED REBUKE

From the Ironton (O.) Register.

The arrival of a negro regiment at Catlettsburg, Ky., one day last week, was an "eye sore" to the most ardent Union men of that place. Many of them protested that it was an outrage, looked daggers, gathered in knots, aside, and vented their rage in half suppressed flings at the government and "Abe Lincoln's hirelings." Nothing could exceed their disgust for the white officers who could so debase themselves as to act as "negro drivers." Col. Bartholomew, who, by the way, "goes on his own nerve," was received coldly, and was treated with indifference, which, of course, made but little difference to him.

In the course of the day, the Colonel dropped into Quartermaster Allen's office, which answers for headquarters, and there met with and was introduced to several military gentlemen. The usual cordiality and politeness was accorded to him, with one exception, viz.: a certain popinjay upstart, and gold-laced government officer, who is known to act in a very officious position at the Ashland Hospital, being present, declined to make the Colonel's acquaintance on a proffered introduction. Colonel B. extended his hand, Dr. M. still refused.

The Colonel, perceiving it to be a good opportunity, determined to administer a rebuke to this *squirtose*, self-conceited official. Col. M. slowly brought his hand to his sword-hilt, drew sabre, remarking, "you refuse to shake hands with me; I am a gentleman; am white, as white as you are, although I command a negro regiment; I am your equal; nay, more, I outrank you; and, as your superior, I order you this instant to advance and shake hands with me, or I will cut you in twain!" proffering his left hand; this done, the Colonel did not release his hand until he had told him in what manner he regarded this mean, contemptible act; that he had some twenty men on the sick list that were greatly in need of attention, but that, under the circumstances, he would take them with him to Louisa, where he would erect a hospital for himself, before he would commit them to his care, and finally, that a report of his conduct, as "unbecoming an officer," should be forthwith reported to the Department.

The whole affair was witnessed by a large number of officers and citizens and is regarded as the richest thing of the season.

THE REBS WILL NOT ROB THE DEAD NEGROES.

Correspondence of the Springfield Republican.

DEEP BOTTOM, Va., Aug. 26, 1864.

There is one mean thing the rebels will not do. They will not rob a dead negro. Give them all credit for the honor or humanity which thus restrains them. It must be honor, for it is surely not humanity, else white corpses would be spared. On the afternoon of the 17th inst., arrangements were made by flag of truce for the burial of the dead of the battle of White Tavern—or of Furrell's Mills, as we call it—on the north side of the James. The bodies of forty or fifty of our slain were delivered to us by rebel authorities. Most of these lacked boots or shoes; many were without coats or pants; some were almost entirely nude—stripped by chivalrous Southerns. It was sad to look upon the desecrated remains of gallant Union soldiers and to consider how the dear ones at home would, if they knew the whole gloomy truth, grieve over the barbarous handling of bodies they would have treated so tenderly. The sight was soul-sickening. But there were bodies of black soldiers returned, and not one of them had been stripped. Not a garment had been taken. Coats, pants, shoes, even caps and equipments, all were spared. A Southern soldier, however destitute he may be, is too proud to steal from a dead negro. There is honor among thieves. The question is an open one whether this sparing of the sable corpses arises from antipathy to the black man in his social or in his military condition. Southerners have not been reluctant to steal from negroes before death. They have made their living by robbing the blacks. And as they steal from dead white men, why should they not from dead black ones? Is not their continence a result of unwillingness to recognize the colored soldier as a belligerent—after his rifle is silenced? Do they not leave his uniform as they find it, because it is not legitimately before them? because he has no right to wear it, and they have no right to find or to take it? If this latter supposition be correct, then the new decision of confederate authorities to recognize as soldiers all colored troops raised from free blacks of the North, or from slaves of Maryland and Delaware, will ease the minds of fastidious Southerners. Henceforth they can rob the bodies of these as consistently as if they were pure Caucasians. But will not that be hard on the unfortunate colored soldiers from further south? Must their remains be neglected when the vandal chivalry glean all the battle field for boots, and caps, and coats, and pants of Yankee manufacture? How the down-trodden descendants of Ham are called to suffer from the narrow-minded exclusiveness of those against whom they stand in battle!

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864.

RICHMOND AT CHICAGO.

We print in another part of this paper the proceedings and platform of the Chicago Convention, not that we imagine that our readers are not already well informed in regard to them, but as historical facts important to be recorded. And most black and infamous facts they are. So black and so infamous that we derive hope even from their blackness and their infamy. We could hardly have hoped that the Copperhead would have reared his crest so high and shown his fangs so plainly as he did then and there. There was not even any decent attempt to cover up his slimy folds with the cheap vesture of lies. There was no effort to give a heavenly aspect to the hideous reptile, as the Rabbins did to the Devil,

"A cherub's head, a serpent all the rest."

His deformity was made plain to the eyes of all mankind. It was, in effect, a Convention receiving its sanction and instructions from Richmond; a conference of rebels, or their proxies, to finish up the work of the rebellion. No word was uttered and no resolution adopted hinting at the existence of a rebellion at the South. The fair inference of any impartial observer, uninformed of our current history, would be that the North was in insurrection against the South, and that submission and a return to obedience was our first duty. It is a proposition to the people of the United States to surrender at discretion to Jefferson Davis, and that is the question which they are to pass upon at the coming election. It is fortunate that the Copperhead party has made this so clear that there is no mistaking it. If the people do not vote intelligently next November, it will not be the fault of the Chicago Convention. And for this we have greatly to thank the Woods, Vallandigham & Co. Had it been possible to keep that noisy, if not numerous, section of the party quiet, under even a make-believe war platform, such an one would have been furnished. But they would not have a Northern face to the thing at all. It must all look Southward, or they would have none of it. And on this platform they would have George B. McClellan, the creature of Jefferson Davis, nominated by him to do the work of his benefactor, whose favor was the occasion of all his success in life, and will be of his success at the next election, should he unhappily succeed.

It could not have been better done, as we believe, for the true interests of the country. There can be no disguise now as to what men do when they vote for McClellan. He would have preferred, doubtless, a platform which should have recognized the rebellion as a fact, yet something to be suppressed by arms, if it could not be by negotiation. And such an one would have been a much better one for the purposes of his election. But it is better as it is for the country. Should he unfortunately be chosen, we know what we have to expect. In the first place, the Union is to be preserved, if possible, on the old principle of letting slavery have everything it can ask for. An armistice would be equivalent to a peace on such terms as the Richmond government may think fit to dictate, if they will condescend to come back. Slavery left at their disposal with every guaranty that slaveholding ingenuity can devise for its security and benefit. The return into Slavery, or compensation instead, of all slaves who have escaped or been made free by the course of the war. The assumption of the rebel debt, as a matter of course. The restoration of the officers of the army and navy who deserted their posts at the breaking out of the rebellion. A universal amnesty, of course, and the doors of both Houses of Congress opened to all and singular who knock at them with due credentials. And we shall be lucky if we do not have to make good all damages arising from our attempt at subjugation. Should the rebels, as we hope and believe they would, refuse these or any other terms of accommodation, and insist upon their independence, their independence they will have. This is the *animus* of the platform, and will be that of the party at the polls, and of the new President should he be elected. If a majority of the people like this settlement of their affairs, if they think that they have invested their blood and treasure well in such a result, they will vote for McClellan and carry him into the White House on their shoulders. We have not yet learned to think so ill of the calculating properties of the Yankee, to say nothing of any higher qualities, to think that he will purchase so bad a bargain at so infamous a price.

We know that some sanguine persons flatter themselves with the idea that McClellan could not do much harm, if he were elected, because the Republicans would still have the Senate—the House, of course, they would lose by the same vote that elected him President. But, unhappily, Mr. Lincoln has furnished him with a precedent by which the worst of all that we have indicated could be done, by a flourish of his pen. If Mr. Lincoln could constitutionally declare the terms on which the rebels could be forgiven and restored to their National rights and privileges, so can Mr. McClellan. Though the assumption of the debt might not be done without the consent of Congress, the reestablishment of slavery might be effected by proclamation and the restoration of rights by amnesty. This last would be only an exercise of the constitutional power of pardon, vested in the President. But, unless Grant and Sherman shall have utterly broken the military power of the rebellion, so that there is no chance of its making head again, before the candidate of the rebels is chosen, they will reject all and any of these terms with scorn. They will have their independence and nothing less, and they will get it in such case if McClellan be the President. The precise method we cannot foresee, but as it will be one of the two things he was chosen to effect, he will be certain, failing in the one, to bring about the other, after some fashion. In fact, his election will be the virtual acceptance of whichever alternative the rebels may elect to offer. The platform on which he will be carried to victory, if at all, is one contrived by the Peace-at-any-price men, and it will be a fair indication to him that he must get peace at any price. No Senate can stand out against the fully expressed opinion of a majority of the Nation. We have faith, as we have already said, that the dose has been made up a little too strong for the swallow of the Northern people. We think that their gorge will rise at it. Even "beasts must cough at it," one would think, and we see that the New York *Herald* has already begun.

This demonstration on the part of the *Herald* we take to be a significant sign of the times. It shows which way the popular tide is setting, in which direction the popular breath is likely to blow. We trust and believe that the Copperheads committed a blunder, much worse in their eyes than any amount of crime, when they suffered the Peace party, or the undisguised friends of the rebels called themselves, to control the doings of their Convention. No amount of factitious unanimity can make amends for the mischief that yielding has done to their cause. They will find, we think, the unanimity to have been much greater at Chicago than they will find it at the polls. If Gen. McClellan be wise, he will take counsel of the *Herald* and put his foot on the resolutions, and stand, if at all, without accepting them as his platform. But he is not wise enough nor courageous enough to take such a stand. The fight, therefore, will be an open one on the question of peace on the terms of the rebels or disunion, on the one hand, or of a continuance of the war until the rebellion is suppressed and its cause and original destroyed on the other. In simpler terms, it will be a conflict as to whether Slavery or Freedom shall be the controlling element of our future. Every speaker and every writer should strive to make this truth as clear as the sun in the heavens, so that every voter may know that his choice lies between God and Baal. And we cannot but believe that all side issues and all personal predilections and hostilities will be forgotten in the presence of this fearful alternative. The responsibility of men who shall help indirectly to bring about the ruin of the Nation will be no less crushing than that of its avowed enemies. We trust that the exigencies of the dreadful conflict which impends will unite all men who hate slavery into one phalanx to oppose the man who loves it and whose success will be its victory.

FREMONT AND CHICAGO.

That the Convention held at Cleveland on the 31st of May was intended to prepare the way for the nomination of Gen. Fremont at Chicago, and that its managers (including Gen. Fremont himself) were weak enough to think that the scheme had a fair chance of success, no well-informed person can doubt. To facilitate this object, the anti-slavery portion of the platform was expressed in terms intended to be as little offensive as possible to Democrats, while the Copperhead denunciations of the Administration for violating *habeas corpus*, freedom of speech, right of asylum, etc., were impliedly endorsed. The nomination of Gen. Cochrane—a man as destitute of anti-slavery principle as Judas was of devotion to Christianity—for Vice-President, and his appointment as President of the Convention, were parts of the scheme, it being assumed that his name would have weight with the Democratic party. A writer who was at the Convention, watching its proceedings, and holding intercourse with the delegates, writes thus in the *Herald*:

"Efforts, it is true, were made to insist upon the Convention cooperating with the Baltimore Convention, and even adjourning to meet in Baltimore, where it would be somewhat bound by the action of that body. But all such movements signally failed. As I have already informed you by telegraph, the great issue in this Convention, underneath all the operations, was *whether the Convention should be managed with the view of subsequently striking hands with the Baltimore or Chicago Convention. Those looking towards Chicago were successful. In fact, this was the point around which all turned here*.... Gen. Cochrane informed his colleagues [from New York] that there was only one course for all genuine Grant men to pursue, and that was to secure the management of the Convention and the accomplishment of such a result here [at Cleveland] as will place it in an influential position with the Chicago Convention. It was all folly for them to attempt to accomplish anything with the packed body at Baltimore. *If, therefore, his colleagues were ready to unite with him and others who were looking to the effect and results with the Chicago Convention, then he would operate with them*; but if they preferred to turn their attention to the Baltimore Convention, then he would not act with them any longer. It was finally agreed that the entire [New York] delegation should take part in the Fremont Convention, and *secure such results and such combinations as would enable them to meet with success before the Chicago Convention*. Here I will simply add that this result was accomplished to the satisfaction of the movers in it."

The whole tone and scope of Gen. Fremont's letter accepting the nomination goes to confirm these statements, and if further evidence of their truth is wanted, it may be found in the account given by the Boston *Pioneer* of the interview subsequently held with Gen. Fremont by Wendell Phillips and the editor of that paper—an account deemed so important by one of the General's most intimate friends that he has sent it to us to be printed (see fourth page) as an advertisement. Look at this passage:

"The Administration is the ruin of the country, and its removal *the chief object upon which everything else is contingent*.... In view, therefore, of the immense importance of the removal of Lincoln from Washington, and in view of the immense power which the possession and the employment of all the means of the nation places at his disposal, the most important point is, to unite against him all the elements which are available for the salvation of the Republic. And *for such a union the Democratic party furnished the largest contingent.*"

The *New Nation*, Gen. Fremont's organ, declared, it will be remembered, that "the birth of the new party" formed at Cleveland was "due to its hatred to Lincoln and the present Administration," and that "*there is so little differences between this party and the Democratic party that it would be easy to adopt a common ticket which would sweep everything before it.*" The same paper also said: "The new party, in selecting Fremont as its candidate, *espouses the grievances of the West against the East.*"

Gen. Cochrane, it will be remembered, in his speech at the meeting held in this city, under the auspices of the "Fremont Club," to ratify the Cleveland nominations (himself the candidate for Vice-President) told the audience that Gen. McClellan and Gen. Fremont were "twin cherries on one stem." Well, Chicago has taken her pick of these cherries, and those who thought that she might be induced to choose Fremont may now review at their leisure the course they took to bring about that result. To aid them in their reflections we print some choice extracts from the Chicago platform side by side with some sentences from Fremont's letter of acceptance. If they, like the candidates of the two Conventions, look like "twin cherries" from one stem, the fault is not ours; the tree did not grow in our garden!

Chicago Platform.	*Fremont's Letter.*
That this Convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, *under the pretense of a military necessity or war power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down*, etc.....That the direct interference of the military authority of the United States in the recent elections held in Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, and Delaware, *was a shameful violation of the Constitution*, and a repetition of such acts in the approaching election will be held as revolutionary, and resisted with all the means and power under our control.	This is not an ordinary election, it is a contest for the right even to have candidates, and not merely as usual for the choice among them. Now, for the first time since '76, the question of constitutional liberty has been brought directly before the people for their serious consideration and vote. *The ordinary rights secured under the Constitution and the laws of the country have been violated, and extraordinary powers have been usurped by the Executive.* It is directly before the people now to say, whether or not the principles established by the Revolution are worth maintaining. If, as we have been taught to believe, those guaranties of liberty, which make the distinctive value and glory of our country, are in truth inviolably sacred, then *there must be a protest against the arbitrary violation which had not even the excuse of necessity.* The action is made by those who force it the choice between a shameful silence or a protest against wrong. In such considerations originated the Cleveland Convention. It was among its objects to arouse the attention of the people to such facts, and *to bring them to realize that while we are saturating the Southern soil with the best blood of the country, in the name of Liberty, we have really parted with it at home.*
That the aim and object of the Democratic party is to preserve the Federal Union and the rights of the States unimpaired, and they hereby declare that they consider the administrative usurpation of extraordinary and dangerous powers not granted by the Constitution, the subversion of the civil by military law in States not in insurrection, *the arbitrary military arrest, imprisonment, trial, and sentence of American citizens in States where civil law exists in full force the suppression of freedom of speech and of the press the denial of the right of asylum*, the open and avowed disregard of State rights, the employment of unusual test oaths, and the interference with and denial of the right of the people to bear arms, as calculated to prevent a restoration of the Union and the perpetuation of a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed.	*To-day we have in the country the abuses of military dictation without its unity of action and vigor of execution; an Administration marked at home by disregard of Constitutional rights by its violation of personal liberty and the liberty of the press and as a crowning shame, by its abandonment of the right of asylum—a right especially dear to all free nations.*

Was there ever a more lamentable example of self-stultification than was exhibited by Gen. Fremont and his partisans, when, in the vain hope of inducing the Democratic party to adopt him as their candidate for the Presidency, they undertook to out-Copperhead the Copperheads in crying down the Administration for exercising the Constitutional power to arrest and imprison traitors and their blatant sympathizers, and suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*—a power which, in our judgment, it has used far too feebly and infrequently for the good of the country? In the mouths of Radical Abolitionists these Copperhead cries are pure cant, for there is not one prominent man of them all, who has not, like ourselves, in times past, found fault with the Administration for its leniency in dealing with traitors and their Northern aiders and abettors, and insisted upon the adoption of a bolder and firmer policy. They have longed for a Jackson or a Butler in the Presidential chair, to put down treason, at the North as well as the South, with an iron hand. And besides, who that is acquainted with the history of the two men does not know that Gen. Fremont has more despotism in his little finger than can be found in Abraham Lincoln's whole body and soul?

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

THE Democratic, alias Copperhead, National Convention assembled at Chicago at noon on the 29th ult., in a temporary building erected for the purpose, and capable of holding 15,000 persons. The house was filled to its utmost capacity, and thousands who could not find room within hovered on the outside, ready to cheer every act of the Convention. The delegates, of course, were provided with seats by themselves, the larger portion of the assembly being spectators. The leading Copperheads of every State were there, in one capacity or another, with troops of the rank and file of the party—all bent upon one object, viz: the overthrow of the Administration and the election of a President essentially acceptable to the Rebels and ready to make peace on terms which would make them and their Northern sympathizers masters of the situation.

The Convention was called to order by August Belmont, the rich Jew banker of this city—a Democrat (!) who at Newport astonishes his poorer fellow-citizens by aping the magnificence of European royalty. Ex-Governor William Bigler, a weak tool of the Slave Power, was chosen temporary President. In his opening address he spoke of the war as the fruit of "a blind fanaticism about an institution in some of the States," in relation to which the Northern people "have no duties to perform and no responsibilities to bear"—thus holding responsible for all the bloodshed that has followed, not the Rebels and those who have connived with them, but Abolitionists and Republicans. In all that he said there was not a word of censure for the Rebels, nor any intimation that they should be conquered; but all his talk was of a peace to be made by restoring their friends and sympathizers to power.

Prayer was offered by Rev. R. H. Clarkson, of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The delegates from the several States presented their credentials. The contesting delegations from Kentucky (for the Copperheads of that State are separated into two factions) were both admitted, each delegate to cast half a vote! Committees on credentials, to nominate officers, and prepare resolutions were appointed—Vallandigham occupying a prominent place on the latter.

On Tuesday morning, August 30, the Convention reassembled and was opened with prayer by Bishop Whitehouse. It was voted not to admit the delegates from the Territories, from Louisiana, or the District of Columbia.

Governor Seymour of New York (who last Summer addressed the bloody rioters of this city as his "friends") was chosen permanent President of the Convention. He made a jesuitical address, uttering no word of censure of the Rebels, but holding the friends of the Administration responsible for the war! "We are resolved," he said, "that the party who have made the history of our country since their advent to power seem like some unnatural and terrible dream shall be overthrown. Four years ago it had its birth upon this spot [in the Convention that nominated Lincoln for President]. Let us see, by our action, that it shall die here where it was born."

In the afternoon the Committee on resolutions made their report, which was adopted under a call for the previous question (to cut off all debate and every proposition for amendment), as follows:

THE PLATFORM.

Resolved, That in the future, as in the past, we will adhere with unswerving fidelity to the Union under the Constitution, as the only solid foundation of our strength, security and happiness as a people, and as a frame-work of government equally conducive to the welfare and prosperity of all the States, both Northern and Southern.

Resolved, That this Convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretense of a military necessity or War Power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired, justice, humanity, liberty and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate Convention of all the States, or other peaceable means, to the end that, at the earliest practicable moment, peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States.

Resolved, That the direct interference of the military authority of the United States in the recent elections held in Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri and Delaware, was a shameful violation of the Constitution, and a repetition of such acts in the approaching election will be held as revolutionary, and resisted with all the means and power under our control.

Resolved, That the aim and object of the Democratic party is to preserve the Federal Union and the rights of the States unimpaired, and they hereby declare that they consider the administrative usurpation of extraordinary and dangerous powers not granted by the Constitution, the subversion of the civil by military law in States not in insurrection, the arbitrary arrest, imprisonment, trial and sentence of American citizens in States where civil law exists in full force, the suppression of freedom of speech and of the press, the denial of the right of asylum, the open and avowed disregard of State rights, the employment of unusual test oaths, and the interference with and denial of the right of the people to bear arms, as calculated to prevent a restoration of the Union and the perpetuation of a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed.

Resolved, That the shameful disregard of the Administration to its duty in respect to our fellow-citizens who now and long have been prisoners of war in a suffering condition, deserves the severest reprobation on the score alike of public and common humanity.

Resolved, That the sympathy of the Democratic party is heartily and earnestly extended to the soldiery of our army, who are, and have been, in the field, under the flag of our country, and in the event of our attaining power, they will receive all the care, protection, regard and kindness that the brave soldiers of the republic have so nobly earned.

The Convention next proceeded to nominate a candidate for President. Mr. Stockton of New Jersey presented the name of Gen. McClellan, and Mr. Cox of Ohio seconded the nomination. Mr. Saulsbury of Delaware presented the name of Lazarus W. Powell of Ky., but Mr. P. declined. Mr. Stewart, on behalf of the Ohio delegation, presented the name of Thomas H. Seymour of Ct. Mr. Wickliffe of Ky., on behalf of a portion of the delegation from that State, presented the name of Franklin Pierce. Mr. Harris of Md. spoke in the severest terms of Gen. McClellan, calling him a "tyrant," and reading his order for the arrest of the Maryland Legislature. Mr. Long of Ohio also spoke against McClellan. The names of Gov. Powell and Franklin Pierce were withdrawn, while that of Governor Seymour of New York was presented by Mr. McNell of Illinois.

On Wednesday the Convention was opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Halsey of Chicago. The following resolution was then, on motion of Mr. Wickliffe of Ky., adopted.

Resolved, That this Convention shall not be dissolved by the adjournment at the close of its business, but shall remain organized, subject to be called at any time and place that the National Executive Committee shall dictate.

The vote for Presidential candidate was then taken, with the following result: McClellan 202½; Thomas H. Seymour 23½. Of the votes for the latter, 3 were cast by Delaware, 7 by Maryland, 4 by Missouri, 6 by Ohio, 3½ by Indiana. On motion of the infamous Vallandigham, the nomination was declared to be unanimous. Speeches followed from Seymour of New York, Vallandigham and Allen of Ohio, McKeon of New York, Powell of Kentucky, and others. Mr. Wickliffe of Ky. offered a resolution to the effect that Kentucky expects McClellan, when elected to Lincoln's seat, to open Lincoln's prison doors, and set the captives free. Carried unanimously.

The Convention then proceeded to select a candidate for Vice President, and on the second ballot the choice fell upon George H. Pendleton (Vallandigham Peace Democrat) of Ohio.

On motion, it was resolved that the Democracy of the country be requested to meet in the different cities, and hold mass ratification meetings on the 17th of September, the anniversary of the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

The Convention, after the usual formalities, then adjourned.

— Such is a brief record of the proceedings of a Political Convention calling itself Democratic, but thoroughly saturated with treason and bent upon securing a triumph to the rebels in arms, who have been fighting over three years to revolutionize or destroy the government of the United States in order to perpetuate slavery! In the Convention itself this design was cloaked, of course, by Peckenniffian professions of loyalty to the Union; but in the tumultuous crowds of outsiders, gathered in large degree from every haunt of vice and infamy in the land, and especially from those "nurseries of Democracy," the grogshops, there was hardly any attempt at concealment. It has been well said that such an aggregate of rowdyism, ruffianism and treason as Chicago was called to endure has probably never before been witnessed in one place since the world began. "The atmosphere was heavy with disloyalty, and the very streets ran oaths and curses. Finding themselves together in such strong force, the boldness that always springs from a sense of *backing* gave a positive tone to the treasonable sentiments spoken that made them unmistakable, while in the stimulating air the contagion spread from each to each until the whole mass was thoroughly saturated with treason and the universal language was monstrous and shocking."

WHAT SHALL BE DONE FOR THE NEGRO?

MORGANZIA, Louisiana, Aug. 1st, 1864.

To the Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIR: It is a matter of no little surprise to me that no one has taken the initiative step in that one important movement which naturally follows the movement already made—*i. e.*, having secured the overth

they will not need any pecuniary aid from the people; and, as the number who survive will not be small, it will be no small sum that will be saved thus. There will be many who will deposit money in the bank, and then, perhaps, die of disease or be killed in battle. This will leave money which will provide for their heirs, if they have any; if they have no heirs, or they cannot be found (as will be the case with the majority), there will be a large sum left in the bank unclaimed. This money will aid in a great measure to provide for and teach the colored race generally. Arrangements can be made whereby this money will be secured to the cause. By this plan the colored soldiers who live after the war is over will be benefited to a far greater extent than they otherwise would, and with their own money, while the unclaimed money of the dead soldiers will swell greatly the fund for the masses of the freedmen. Unless some such plan as this is adopted, thousands of dollars, which might be a benefit to these people, will be wasted, and thousands of colored soldiers will have acquired such loose habits that they will not have any money left to start in business after the war is over, nor would they ever save any.

There is another item which is not a small one, and must not be forgotten. Of the soldiers who die in hospitals and camps, or are killed in battle, a great majority have money due them at the time of their death. "Final statements" of their "pay and clothing account" are made out and forwarded to the War Department, and whatever is due them can be taken out by their heirs, upon their giving satisfactory evidence of their being the heirs of the deceased. As I said before, the majority of the colored soldiers have no heirs, and if they have no will (as was always the case as far as I have known), the money will lie in the hands of the government. I believe that if a bank, such as I have proposed, were established, and satisfactory evidence were given the War Department that the heirs could not be found, and that the money would be devoted faithfully to the elevation of the race, arrangements would be made by which the money could be drawn from the United States Treasury by the bank. In order that the managers of the bank should know of the decease of a soldier to whom money is due, and that they might collect that money, company commanders could forward to the bank duplicate "final statements," which would be exact copies of those sent to the Adjutant-General's office; these final statements would be vouchers for any United States paymaster, or, perhaps, for a United States paymaster whose especial duty it would be to settle those particular accounts.

If the government would not turn over to the bank the money of deceased soldiers, there would be a large amount collected by the first named method. I believe it is worth a trial, not only on account of the money saved, but also because of the benefits, mentally and morally, that the surviving soldiers would derive from it.

I present these views for your consideration, and hope that the subject will be taken up and discussed by your readers; or, better still (for *deeds*, not *words*, should be the motto of all *now*), that some measures will be taken to secure the end desired. I believe the plan I present to be practicable and necessary; I know that if it were adopted the vaults of the bank would not be empty long, and every one knows that it must be a benefit to those who deposit, particularly, as well as to the race generally.

I do not want your readers to misunderstand me in regard to the *character* of the bank; I do not mean that it shall be a bank of issue, or that the money deposited shall be used in any risky speculations; but that it shall be a savings bank, where the colored soldiers can deposit their money for safe keeping until they are out of the army, and ready to go into business as citizens; and where the money of those who die will be secured to the cause.

As ever, fraternally yours,

STANTON WEAVER,
Captain 62d U. S. Colored Infantry.

LETTER FROM C. D. B. MILLS.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: Your correspondent from Peterboro, Mr. C. A. Hammond, in his letter published in your issue of July 30th, containing strictures upon the report of the Waterloo meeting, has seen fit to attribute me as guilty in that meeting of certain "shameful" things, and most "shameful" of all it seems, that I declared, as he reports me, that while not a non-resistant, and a believer in civil government, I "had not lifted a finger to help put down the rebellion, and did not intend to." In his more recent missive, in STANDARD of Aug. 20th, he reiterates his charge, speaking of my "declaration against the war and the government," etc. As you have admitted to publication these somewhat extraordinary statements, you will, I trust, indulge me in a few moments' endeavor to define the attitude I do occupy, as clearly and specifically as I may.

I have indeed up to this time stood apart, unidentified with this government, and that from considerations which to my thought have been those of *loyalty*. The essence of rebellion and treason I have supposed to consist in *casting off the primal allegiance*, renouncing the supreme obligations of Truth and Justice, postponing in any instance the claim of right to advantage or some exigency of individual or social condition. Where this is, there is inchoate treason, essential revolt and rebellion against the Supreme Rule—the fruitful germ of all treasons that have become overt and pronounced since the world was. How far it may proceed, what excesses or atrocious violation of the rights of humanity it may stride to, is a question only of more or less, of measure and degree, and not of kind.

Under this view I have not been able to see that the nation to this hour is other than *disloyal*, far enough therefore from being in position to call traitors to account, and most of all to deal effectively with treason. It is proclaimed in the ear of the world, on every hand, both official and non-official, that on our part the great aim and purpose in this conflict is not emancipation but the Union, not the vindication of the rights of the most outraged of all our population, outraged, too, from the beginning with the consent and at the hands of the nation, but the vindication of the nationality, the securement of national salvation. In other words, not first the kingdom of God, not repentance, expiation and obedience, but our own welfare and possessions, *our* rescue and deliverance. All else must be postponed and held subordinate, any recognition of the black man, any concessions of liberty to him are to be made only relatively, as a means when found indispensable to the national salvation. What is this but postponing the law of God to our own advantage, making His Throne a mere tender, an instrument to be held subservient to our own selfish designs? And yet to no higher mark than this have the most anti-slavery Republicans and Unionists in our country in their advocacy of the national cause yet come. Any plea for justice and the rights of man as such—the obligations of fealty to humanity—integrity, repentance and the works meet thereto is out of order on this floor, a departure not to be permitted from the main question. The nationality is everything. Duty, God, obedience, secondary and in this comparison nothing.

Nay, in its very effort to maintain the Union, the nation is guilty of protecting and continuing slavery. The monuments of that thrice accursed institution live today under the sheltering ægis of the national flag, and with the pledged faith of the republic. This is held and declared one of the indispensable means for maintaining ourselves, an essential condition for success in this struggle. And whatever concessions have been made to liberty in the direction of emancipation since the war began, have been made avowedly on the ground of *overriding military necessity*. Not the first syllable has yet been heard from the lips of this government of recognition of the black man on principle. And it is to be remembered that within the rebel domain, as it is called, slavery is out from under the national protection not by our consent, but through its own act of withdrawal.

It is on grounds here indicated that I have been unable to join in support of this government and the war. It is that the nation is rebellious even while calling to account rebellion; *treasonable even while dealing and in its dealing with treason*. Its first obligation is to absolve itself. Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege? Thou that preachest a man shall not steal, dost thou steal? What sort of loyalty was that in Judea which shouted for the saving of the nation, the nationality its watchword, and rushed onward with headlong eagerness upon its petty designs, while ignoring and denying the claims of Jesus—aye, crucifying Him to the very end of national salvation?

Mr. Hammond knows full well this to be my attitude, knows that I am protestant and renunciant on these grounds exactly. He knows it beyond the peradventure of a doubt or misapprehension. Why he should seek through statements so bald, and so grossly awry, to misrepresent me, he perhaps may tell; I cannot. My declaration, on the occasion referred to, was distinctly that I had nothing and would have nothing to do with endorsing and supporting this government *at its false position*, while it persists in renouncing the primal fealty. The rebellion I never thought of refusing to help put down, never so intimated; nay, I hope to labor to that end to the close of life. But I find it something far wider than the Southern revolt; it lurks all abroad everywhere. For a war engaged in from the stand-point of broad Justice, sacred to Truth and the rights of human nature, unselfish, impartial, earnest and gloriously humane, I have no word of condemnation to offer. Let our country make this war such, and she shall have never a lisp of disapproval from me. But I will be no party to wickedness, whether individual or social, will not support my country or its government in wrong-doing, even for the sake of the nationality. Am I therefore to be pronounced an "anarchist" and a "traitor"? How are they not chargeable with essential anarchy and treason, old Abolitionists though they be, who counsel that now the Divine requirement be postponed to the public exigency, the obligation first to do right be held at present in abeyance—that the nation save itself, but ignore Jesus? Does any specific disloyalty or treason want a more fruitful soil in which to lie and germinate, and shoot into rankest life than this?

Mr. Gerrit Smith, I see,* exhorts that we give ourselves sole "to the work of overthrowing the rebellion," and "we are to make no conditions." And side by side with those Democrats "who insist on stipulating for the safety of slavery" he sets those Abolitionists "who put the abolition of slavery before the suppression of the rebellion." A little farther on he gives us distinctly to understand that these with those are traitors to their country. And I think I have heard him declare in public that for himself he knows those Abolitionists who make the abolition of slavery a condition of their support of the government and war, "only as fellows with traitors and rebels." Jehovah worshippers and devil worshippers all go into one in this classification. Are they not at bottom alike? They both insist on something both make conditions, the one installing wickedness as supreme, the other righteousness. That is all that divides them. There can be no essential difference between them. Brand them all to one mark. "And so they snarl it up."

Well, to me the Divine Law is still something important, obedience to it still a somewhat essential "condition." Whatever others may do, by that I must abide. At the risk of being held up even by old friends as enemy of my country and traitor, I must still continue to urge and emphasize this claim. How much of rebellion will the loyalty that overlooks or renounces this be able to "overthrow"? The sequel to the counsel of Caiaphas may intimate the answer.

CHAS. D. B. MILLS.

North Pitcher, N. Y., Aug. 27th, 1864.

* Vide his letter to Messrs. Wade and Davis.

A NOTE FROM E. M. DAVIS.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

You still decline to publish the interview I have referred to, and you still continue to publish communications that are unfair to the Fremont movement. I will, therefore, pay for the insertion of the article in question, to be placed in your advertising columns, if you think best, that your English readers may see the article, and that our anti-slavery people at home may also see it. Very truly, your friend,

Sept. 6, 1864. E. M. DAVIS.

REMARKS.—The article to which Mr. Davis refers will be found on the fourth page. It contains nothing that we have the least desire to conceal from our readers at home or abroad. It is a report of a private conversation, got up for political effect, for which Gen. Fremont is in no way responsible, and which he is at liberty at any time to repudiate, and is therefore of no value whatever *as against what he said in his letter accepting the Cleveland nomination*. When Mr. Davis insisted that we were under *obligation* to print it, *as an act of justice to Gen. Fremont*, we replied that we would do so whenever he (Mr. Davis) would furnish evidence that Gen. Fremont held himself responsible for it as a true report of what he said. We think this perfectly fair, and that the attempt of the Boston *Pioneer* to counteract the effect of Gen. Fremont's letter, deliberately written for the public eye, by *hearsay* evidence as to what he had subsequently said in private conversation, was a political device unworthy to be countenanced by any ingenuous mind. When we see the whole Copperhead press taking comfort and encouragement from Gen. Fremont's words, responsibly uttered, and applauding him for his course, and when we hear him described as "twin-cherry" to McClellan by his associate on the Cleveland ticket, we want something beside reports of his private conversations to quell the tide of disgust and indignation which the spectacle is fitted to excite. Having printed the Cleveland platform twice over, and every line written by Gen. Fremont himself to define or explain his position, we deny that he, or any of his friends, have any claims upon us for the publication of reports of what he may have chosen to whisper in the ears of his friends in private.

POLITICAL.

The State election in Maine will be held on Monday next. A Union triumph is confidently expected.

The Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* says: "The latest political rumor here is that Gen Fremont is about to retire from the canvass, and Senator Wade is to take the stump for Mr. Lincoln."

The *Tribune* and the *Independent*, which were displeased with the Baltimore nominations, have come out square for Lincoln. So has Anna E. Dickinson. See her letter in another column.

The Tribune Association is about to print, in a form for general circulation, the Platforms of the Union and Democratic parties respectively, with a very few explanatory comments, so as to let the people see exactly what are the points in controversy between the two parties.

The State election in Vermont on Tuesday resulted in the choice of three Union members of Congress (the whole delegation of the State), and the entire Union State ticket, by increased majorities over those of last year. The Legislature will not have Copperheads enough in it to make even a respectable hiss.

An enthusiastic meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on Tuesday evening. Gov. Andrew presided. The speakers were Senators Wilson and Sumner, Ex-Gov. Boutwell and others. A letter from Edward Everett was read, strongly endorsing a vigorous prosecution of the war.

Secretary Seward made a speech at Auburn on Saturday evening last, to an assembly of his neighbors gathered in front of his own dwelling. It contains one or two passages that we regret to see, but on the whole it is far more satisfactory than any other utterance of his since 1860. We shall publish it next week.

It is stated that when the news of the Chicago nominations was received in the rebel army at Petersburg, it was greeted with the most vociferous cheering along the lines. All the deserters who came in agreed in stating that this loud cheering, which was heard distinctly in our camps, was on account of the nomination of McClellan and Pendleton. This fact, together with the platform of the Copperheads, has changed materially the tone of the Army toward McClellan.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* writes from Washington that it is stated on good authority that there is a letter in Washington from Gen. Grant, in which he either takes decided ground against the Chicago platform, or decided ground in favor of the re-election of Mr. Lincoln. The same writer adds: All my information is to the effect that the Army of the Potomac, and nearly all its leaders, regular and volunteer, feel that a great slight has been put upon them by the resolutions of the Chicago Convention, and especially by the nomination of Pendleton, of Ohio, the steady enemy of the war, as a candidate for Vice-President."

OBITUARY.

LIEUT. THOMAS SCANTLEBURY.

Died, on board a Mississippi steamboat, on the morning of Aug. 1st, of Chronic Diarrhea, while on his way home on "sick leave," Lieut. THOS. SCANTLEBURY, 65th U. S. Col. Infantry, youngest son of Samuel and Sarah Scantlebury, aged 29½ years. The remains were interred at the mouth of the White River, Ark.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3d, 1864.

OLIVER JOHNSON, *Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard:*

A friend asks me to communicate to you the above intelligence of the death of Lieut. Thos. Scantlebury, who had command in the Southwest of a company of black troops—a noble young man who should not slip into his grave without eliciting a testimony to the nobility of his life and the worth of his services. Boys together, he was always my admiration as the most unselfish of the school circle. Of Quaker training, he joined the war for the sake only of the great principles at stake in it. He had as fair a soul as I ever knew in a man—almost a woman's. Enlisting first as a private, he earned his way to a first lieutenancy, and served at Port Hudson. About the middle of last July, illness smote him down, and he died on the Mississippi River while homeward bound to his father's house in Illinois. Green be his grave and memory!

Yours faithfully, THEODORE TILTON.

MAJOR JAMES C. LEEKE.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

Another young hero is added to the list of those who, at our country's call, have left our midst never to return.

Maj. JAMES C. LEEKE, son of Richard Leeke, Esq., of this city, died on the 15th inst. in the DeCamp General Hospital, on David's Island, in New York harbor, from the effects of a wound received in the charge of July 30th, at Petersburg.

It is seldom that we have the sad pleasure of rendering the last tribute of respect and admiration to the memory of one whose life has been at once so short and so honorable.

At the breaking out of the rebellion, Maj. Leeke was pursuing his studies at Kenyon College, at Gambier, in this State. Respected and admired for his talents and scholarship, and beloved by professors and students for his generous and noble hearted nature, the news of his death will bring sorrow to many who remember his departure from college, and have watched with interest his subsequent career. At the first announcement of our country's danger, abandoning at once and without hesitation his college studies and his cherished plans in life, and without waiting to seek official position, he enlisted as a private in that band of heroes, the Fifth Ohio, of whose original number so few now survive the fiery ordeal of the many conflicts through which they have passed. At the battle of Front Royal he was captured, and for some months endured the horrors of a rebel prison. Being finally exchanged, he rejoined his regiment, and last Spring, when the three years of enlistment had almost expired, was ordered to report before the Examining Committee at this city, where his manifest merit obtained him the commission of Major.

Being assigned to the 30th U. S. Colored Regiment, he accompanied the Army of the Potomac in its bloody and battle-marked advance, until, on the 30th of last month, in the gallant but disastrous charge through the breach made by the explosion of the mine in Burnside's front, amid the leaden hail of that fierce and bloody struggle, the young patriot who had so often braved, unscathed, the storm of battle, fell, pierced by a mortal wound.

His many friends and afflicted family will, in their deep grief, have the consolation of knowing that he perished that our country might survive, yielding his life a noble sacrifice to the cause of Union and Freedom, and passing away in the flower of his youth,

"Leaving behind a patriot hero's fame,
A noble memory, and a stainless name."

C. D. M'G.

MARY BROSIUS.

Passed away, peacefully and gently, to the Spirit home, on the morning of the 20th of August, MARY BROSIUS, daughter of Amos and Esther Brosius, of Fairmount, Stark County, Ohio, aged 14 years. Her life, though short, was characterized by deeds of charity and love to all who came within the circle of her kindly influence. Physically too frail to endure the storms of life, her freed spirit has entered a more congenial sphere, where with new powers she can fulfil the desires and aspirations of her earth-life.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

"ATLANTA OURS, AND FAIRLY WON."

Such was the announcement that thrilled every loyal heart in the country on Saturday last. It came at a moment when the people were despondent, fearing that the want of military success might lead to a triumph of the Chicago platform and candidates. The effect was astonishing—loyal men were jubilant, Copperheads disappointed and sullen. The full particulars of the capture are not yet received, telegraphic communication having been interrupted by the late storm. On Tuesday, August 30th, Sherman broke the West Point road, and reached a good position from which to strike the Macon road. Howard found the enemy in force at Jonesboro, some twenty-six miles south of Atlanta, and easily repulsed the assault which they made in the afternoon. Finding strong opposition, Sherman advanced his left and centre rapidly to the railroad, broke it for a great distance, and interposed his whole army between Atlanta and the part of the enemy at Jonesboro. We made a general attack on Thursday, the Fourteenth Corps carrying the rebel works handsomely, with ten guns and one thousand prisoners; and in the night the enemy retreated South. Hood at Atlanta, finding Sherman on his road, blew up his magazines and decamped in the night, when the Twentieth Corps entered Atlanta.

TENNESSEE—DEATH OF A GUERILLA CHIEF.

A very complete Union victory was achieved by Gen. Gillem, commanding a portion of the Union forces in East Tennessee, at Greenville, on the morning of the 4th. The camp of the notorious guerilla and raider John Morgan was surprised, Morgan himself killed, his staff and one piece of artillery captured, and his force entirely dispersed, with a loss of from fifty to one hundred in killed alone.

GRANT STILL BEFORE PETERSBURG.

Affairs before Petersburg remain quiet. The rebels are erecting new earthworks opposite our left, and the usual skirmishing occurs daily. The work on the canal at Dutch Gap goes on steadily; the enemy having apparently relinquished the effort to make our troops desist from digging it. Grant brooks no interference without inflicting severe punishment upon those who attempt it, and this lesson the rebels seem to be learning. The Richmond papers of the 1st instant report that the effect of our fire upon Petersburg is disastrous.

CHARLESTON—SIX HUNDRED REBEL OFFICERS UNDER FIRE.

Retaliation is again the order of the day in Charleston harbor. On the 26th ultimo the steamer Crescent arrived at Port Royal with over six hundred rebel officers, prisoners of war, who are to be placed under fire on Morris Island, in retaliation for the rebel proceeding in placing a like number of Union officers under our fire in the city of Charleston.

THE GEORGIA SEIZED BY THE NIAGARA.

The quondam rebel pirate Georgia has been seized by the United States frigate Niagara, twenty miles off the port of Lisbon. The Georgia was under British colors when seized. Her captain and crew were landed at Dover, England, and the vessel was sent to New York in charge of a prize crew.

THANKSGIVING.

The President has issued orders requesting the people to offer thanksgiving in their respective places of worship next Sunday, for our recent glorious victories at Mobile and Atlanta.

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

THE COLORED TROOPS BEFORE PETERSBURG.

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Press.

BEFORE PETERSBURG, August 22, 1864.

In Gen. Butler's army there are many regiments of colored troops, who, thus far, have inspired confidence in their officers by the discipline and bearing which they have evinced under the incessant fire of the enemy, along the lines, and the handsome manner in which they have borne themselves whenever opportunity placed them in front of the rebels. It would not be extravagant to predict that they will yet accomplish more brilliant achievements. Their success will depend much on the character of the officers in immediate command. If the men are attached to them for their kindness and consideration in their behalf there is no doubt but what they will follow wherever their superiors may lead. So long as they are commanded by such accomplished gentlemen as Col. A. G. Draper, 36th U. S. Colored Troops, Lieut. Col. Pratt, of the same regiment, and many other excellent officers whom I will credit when I speak of the regiments separately, there is not the least doubt but what they will fully meet public expectation.

In this connection it may not be inappropriate to speak, for the guidance of others, of the enthusiastic admiration of the colored troops under Gen. Wm. Birney for that gallant officer. They are all from Maryland, and were taken from the plantations of their former owners by the General, whom they regard as their deliverer. The General has implicit confidence in their fighting qualities. The highest praise that can be bestowed upon them is, that he prefers them rather than white troops. This is not a mental preference, for he has had the opportunity of electing, and chose to command colored soldiers. The secret of Gen. Birney's success is, that he treats his men as any other gallant officer would regard the defenders of the Union.

There are other colored troops from Maryland, obtained in the same way, but under a different class of officers, in the Army of the Potomac. I trust they will do all that is expected of them, but fear that the kind of men who command them has tended to demoralize rather than to inspire them. What Gen. Birney has done others may accomplish, if they do not regard it as humiliating to treat a negro patriot as a man, who offers himself a willing sacrifice upon the country's altar.

Those before Petersburg have the good fortune to be commanded by good men—though there are some black sheep among them—who are laboring to bring this branch of the service to the highest state of perfection. The kindness of the officers is reflected in the unflinching mettle of the men in the trying positions where duty calls them. There is not a day but what some brave black defender of the Union is made to bite the dust by a rebel sharpshooter or picket, but his place is immediately and cheerfully filled by another under the inspiring glance of such commanders as Cols. Wright, Pratt, and Acting Brigadier-Gen. A. G. Draper. They are ever on the alert to catch a glimpse of a rebel, to whom they send their compliments by means of a leaden messenger. Between the negroes and the enemy it is war to the death. The colored troops have cheerfully accepted the conditions of the Confederate government, that between them no quarter is to be shown. Those here have not the least idea of living after they fall into the hands of the enemy, and the rebels act very much as if they entertained similar sentiments with reference to the blacks. Even deserters fear to come into our lines where colored troops may be stationed. Not unfrequently have they asked if there are any black troops near, and if there were the rebs have entreated that they should not be permitted to harm them. Such have been the effect of Jeff. Davis's proclamation for the wholesale massacre of our colored troops, and such will it continue to be until the rebels shall treat all the defenders of the Union as prescribed by the rules of civilized warfare.

BEFORE PETERSBURG, Aug. 30.

Occasionally we are called to mourn the death of a soldier under very extraordinary circumstances. Yesterday, one of these cases happened. A private in the 7th U. S. C. T. got a sight on a rebel sharpshooter and fired through one of the rifle-holes on the breastworks, merely large enough to enable him to put the muzzle of his musket through and sight his object. Having fired he withdrew his weapon to observe what effect he had made, when, from a distance of about three hundred yards, a ball passed through the rifle hole, entering the head of this colored defender and killing him instantly. This is the second instance of the kind which has come under my notice, and may be regarded as either wonderfully expert or surprisingly accidental. This unfortunate soldier's name was Stanley, and he was a member of Company B.

In the battle north of the James river, in the vicinity of Deep Bottom, one of those unfortunate mistakes was made which was attended with melancholy results. While the engagement was raging fearfully, the 7th U. S. Colored Troops were hard pressed by the rebels, and, through a mistake, the 4th New Hampshire, thinking them Confederates, also opened a galling fire upon them. With the black soldiers it now became a question of life or death. Fully impressed that no quarters would be shown them if captured, and with the recollection of Fort Pillow to quicken their impulses, they charged desperately upon the rebels and drove them a short distance from their position. Flushed by this success, the colored troops now turned their attention to the 4th New Hampshire, whom they supposed to be "graybacks," especially as they had been firing severely into the black troops for some time, under a similar mistaken apprehension. The regiment and the division to which it was attached now prepared to charge, when the mistake was suddenly discovered, which, if it had been a moment later, would have swept the entire colored regiment from existence. As it was, many valuable lives were lost, which, under the circumstances, is extremely painful. The affair is one of those unfortunate occurrences which could scarcely be avoided.

The 7th Regiment was raised in Maryland by Colonel, now Brigadier-Gen. Wm. Birney, and its splendid fighting now is to be attributed to the spirit which he has been enabled to [illegible] ROLLIN.

A BATTALION OF NEGRO TROOPS SLAUGHTERED IN COLD BLOOD.

From the Louisville Journal, August 30.

On Saturday afternoon last, Jake Bennett, the notorious guerilla, at the head of seventeen men, dashed into Owensboro, and, as they rode down the street, fired in a reckless manner at every person that exposed himself to view The scoundrels exhibited a heartlessness and depravity of feeling worthy of devils and fiends. The citizens were insulted, and forced to flee for their lives. Shots were even fired into the open doors of the different storerooms. Capt. Walters, of the Third Kentucky Cavalry, was made a prisoner in the town, and shot down by the cowardly assassins—murdered in cold blood. For some time Owensboro was garrisoned by a battalion of negro troops, but on Friday they were withdrawn from the post, ten being left to guard the wharf-boat against guerilla attacks. Bennett had received correct information of this movement, and, charging down upon the boat, he commanded the squad of negroes to surrender. They were frightened by the imposing front presented by the thieving band, and at once laid down their arms. An indiscriminate slaughter of the blacks then commenced. Seven were deliberately shot to death, the other three taking refuge in the hold of the boat, and escaping the vengeance of the assassins.

The boat was then plundered of light articles of value and set on fire, the dead bodies of the murdered negroes still stretched upon the blood-stained deck. The boat burned rapidly, and Bennett left word that if any of the citizens attempted to extinguish the flames, he would return and burn the town. The robber then placed himself at the head of his gang, and started to leave the place In the suburbs of the town, a gentleman named Senate was captured and robbed of three hundred dollars in money. A man named Reed was also made prisoner, and relieved of his watch and purse. Bennett left in the direction of Lewisport. As soon as the citizens learned that he had departed from the town, they gathered around the wharf-boat, and went earnestly to work to put out the fire. They were successful, and succeeded in saving the wreck.

On examining the hold the three negro soldiers were found to be crouched in the darkest corner, and they were rescued from their perilous situation. Fearing the guerillas might return, the dark trio were placed in a skiff and sent across the river to Indiana for safety. A son of Mr. Stout, a bright little boy, is missing from the town. It is presumed that he was either shot or drowned by the scoundrels. The loss sustained by the burning of the wharf-boat is estimated at four thousand dollars. As the steamer Palestine came up the river yesterday, in passing Owensboro, everything was found to be quiet. At Lewisport it was learned that Bennett and his gang had paid that town a visit on Sunday, doing no damage. Hawesville had received more distinguished attention, as several of the stores were broken open and plundered. On Sunday night, the thieving, marauding gang camped four miles from Cloverport. Yesterday morning the noted guerilla hunter, Capt. Jim Wilson, with twenty-five men, was on the war-path, and but four hours behind Bennett and his robber gang. Wilson was pressing forward with all the energy possible, and it was thought that he would succeed in overtaking the outlaws."

Summary.

Jesse D. Bright of Indiana has sold all his Kentucky possessions, freed his negroes, given them each a sum of money sufficient to commence the world with, and sailed for Europe with his family, to remain till the war is over.

The body of a colored man was submitted to the embalming process in New Orleans, and an incision was making in the brachial artery, when the man proved to be alive. Two days after he was at work as usual.

TERSE FOR A LADY.—A lady at Brookline remarked last evening, while noticing an occasional (McClellan) rocket, "that she thought it would be more appropriate to fire *serpents* than rockets."—*Boston Transcript.*

The young lady pupils of the Buffalo schools are to receive prizes for the "best loaves of bread." There is a good deal of common sense in that. Good loaves of bread are quite as worthy of prizes as good essays in Latin.—*Home Journal.*

After the Chicago Convention had adopted its Peace platform, an indignant war Democrat in New York City telegraphed to Guthrie of Kentucky: "Amend your resolutions by adding one apologizing to Jeff Davis and his bloody conspirators for our conduct towards them, and all will be complete." That is so.

SUBSTITUTE STORY.—The Rochester *Express* tells of a colored man in that city, named Johnson, who last week enlisted as a substitute and took his thousand dollars for the same; has purchased and paid for a house and lot for his family, placed $300 in the bank for emergencies, besides retaining a snug sum for the immediate use of himself and family.

Senator Wade has been censured by the Conventions of his own County and District in Ohio for his opposition to the President in conjunction with Henry Winter Davis. One of the resolutions declared that "The recent attack upon the President by Wade and Davis is, in our opinion, ill-timed, ill-tempered, and ill-advised, carrying great and undisguised joy to the rebel camps in the South and rebel sympathisers in the North, and productive of evil, and only evil to the Union cause; and that we feel it a duty, no less imperative than disagreeable, to pronounce upon that disorganizing manifesto our unqualified disapproval and condemnation." Senator Wade has been one of the most popular men in Ohio, and this resolution has especial significance.

A Convention, designed to effect a political union of all the British provinces in America, assembled at Charlottetown, Prince Edwards Island, on Thursday last. Delegates were present from Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edwards Island. It is proposed to unite all the provinces under one Federal government, with one Legislature.

THE "WHITE BOYS."—The New York *Express* says that in several of the wards of New York City, Democratic campaign clubs have been formed called "White Boys' Clubs," having for their motto: "This is a White Man's country, founded on a White basis for White Men." The *Express* says that these organizations are to be spread over the country, and that they will soon appear with "their appropriate insignia." Their appropriate insignia seem to be the white feather and the flag of truce.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Professor Goldwin Smith, of Oxford University, England, having, in a recent letter, expressed his strong sympathy with the Federal government in its efforts to suppress the slaveholders' rebellion in this country, a London journal pitches into him as follows: "There are many, probably, who find it hard to conceive what is the course of reading which hasled Mr. Goldwin Smith, a brilliant writer, and a professor of history, to avow his sympathy with a cause which the mass of other educated Englishmen have agreed to treat as unworthy the sympathy of a gentleman."

GEN. FORREST AND THE NEGROES.—The negroes of the Methodist congregation at Uniontown, Alabama, have contributed $1,000 to the Association for the relief of maimed soldiers, and have by virtue of their gift made Gen. Forrest a director. He writes a letter, acknowledging the compliment, expresses a great love for the negro, and denies that he has been guilty of the atrocities charged on him. He predicts that when peace comes, the negroes, who have been decoyed to the North, will return to their masters.

The leading Copperheads are an accommodating set in seeking to feather their own nests. They can ride in Belmont's satin-lined coach, with its liveried flunkies, and talk of republican simplicity and economy. They can take off their hats and apologize for the eccentricities of their friends from Five Points, and then adjourn to some Fifth Avenue palace to arrange for an armistice with Jeff. Davis; and, finally, they can ask a Maj.-General of the Regular Army to be their candidate for the Presidency, because military men are the most popular with the mob, and then talk by the hour of the horrors of war, and the absolute necessity of peace at any price.—*Springfield Republican.*

A correspondent of the New York *Independent*, writing from Norfolk, Va., says: "Within the last three months, Maj.-Gen. B. F. Butler has decided that colored members of Baptist churches in Eastern Virginia and North Carolina shall be considered members indeed, and, so long as the present military rule exists, they shall be entitled to and protected in the exercise of all church rights and privileges whatever enjoyed by the white members of said churches: and if the white members will not submit to this order of things, they may quietly retire, and leave the colored members in the exclusive use and enjoyment of all church property and privileges."

AN INFALLIBLE CURE FOR DYSENTERY.—Dr. Page, of Washington, communicates to the *Republican* of that city the following simple remedy, long known in family practice, and which was recently tried in the camp of the New York 22d Regiment, where there were from eighty to one hundred cases daily, and with rapid cures in every case:

Recipe.—In a teacup half full of vinegar, dissolve as much salt as it will take up, leaving a little excess of salt at the bottom of the cup. Pour boiling water upon the solution till the cup is two-thirds or three-quarters full. A scum will rise to the surface, which must be removed, and the solution allowed to cool.

Dose.—Table spoonful three times a day till relieved.

The rationale of the operation of this simple medicine will readily occur to the pathologist, and in many hundred trials I have never known it to fail in dysentery and protracted diarrhœa.

WHY VALLANDIGHAM WAS NOT ARRESTED.—The Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House of Representatives, made the following statement a few days ago, in a speech at Peru, Indiana:

"When Mr. Vallandigham returned it was very natural that the first place he went to should be a Democratic Convention. He thought Mr. Lincoln would arrest him. Mr. Lincoln knew the fact that at that time there was a secret organization in the Northwest, the details of which he may not have been familiar with; but he knew the intention was to make Vallandigham's arrest a pretext for lighting the torch of civil war all over the Northwest. Anxious to preserve the peace at your own homes, Mr. Lincoln passed over the return of Vallandigham."

OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.—The official statement of the public debt on the 30th of August shows the amount outstanding to be $1 878 565 234, and the interest, in both coin and lawful money, $77,447,122, or an increase of the public debt since the 21st of August of $53,073,000, and of interest $1 029,000. The debt bearing interest in coin is now $889 899,492; the debt bearing interest in lawful money, $469,197,000; the debt on which interest has ceased, $357 470; the debt bearing no interest, $519,111,267. The unpaid requisitions are $78,795,000, and the amount in the Treasury $17,189,518. It further appears that since the 21st of August the six per cent bonds under the acts of July 17th and August 5th, 1861, exchanged for seven-thirties, have increased to the extent of $15,000 000; that the seven-thirty three years notes under the act of July 17th, 1861, have been reduced about the same amount, and the six per cent certificates of indebtedness under the act of March 1st, 1862, increased nearly $28,000,000.

PAT ON THE "NAYGUR."—"I niver loiked the black divils—though them as is here hain't black, fur they's yaller—till I come out to fight fur 'em; but I've sort o' takin' to 'em since. An Irishman, ye knows, if he's niver a naygur to bate, and no-body, sorry a bit or anything in the world has the naygur. He don't own his own children, sir; not a-vin the flesh on his bones." "Your kindred, where I live, are not of your way of thinking." "An' where may that be, yer honor?" "In New York." "Oh, yes, I know; they's all Dimocrats there, an' Fernandy Wud Dimocrats at that—bad luck to thim. If you'd loike to kinvart 'em, sir, jest send 'em out here. I warrant ye they won't be four an' twenty 'ours in the State till they's black Republicans—as black as the naygurs themselves. An Irishman's a heart in him, sir, an', be gorry, he can't see the poor crayturs wid his own eyes widout havin' a feller feelin' fur 'em."—*Edmund Kirke.*

TO PRESERVE FLOWERS IN FORM AND COLOR.—The *Ohio Farmer* has the following directions upon this subject: "Procure a quantity of fine sand and wash it until it is entirely free from all dirt, and the water comes from it clear. Then with a fine sieve sift from it all the particles. It should then be sifted with a coarse sieve, taking from it all the coarse particles. The sand now, being perfectly dry, is ready for use. Place it in a dish, which should correspond in depth with the length of the flower-stems which are to be used for drying. The flowers when picked should be perfectly dry or exempt from rain or dew. Insert the flower-stems in the sand to the base of the flowers. Then with a steady hand sprinkle the sand evenly over the flowers until they are completely imbedded. Place them in a very dry place, either near the fire or in the sun, and let them remain several days. When perfectly dry the sand may be poured off. Double flowers with stiff petals are most easily preserved, but most varieties will well repay the little trouble and care required by this simple process."

VOTES OF THE STATES IN THE COMING ELECTION.—The relative strength of the several States in the electoral college has been considerably changed since the last Presidential election, by the decennial reapportionment. Maine had 8 votes in 1860, and in 1864 will have but 7. Massachusetts also loses one, falling from 13 to 12 votes; New York drops from 35 to 33; Pennsylvania loses one, Ohio loses two, and Kentucky loses one. Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Texas, Tennessee, and Virginia, will not be heard of in the electoral college. The vote of California will be increased from 4 to 5 votes; Illinois will advance from 11 to 16 votes; Iowa, which had 4 votes in 1860, will now have 8; Wisconsin will have 8 votes instead of 5; Michican increased two votes, and Kansas with her three votes will be added to the college. The following is an accurate statement of the number of votes to which each State likely to participate in the election will be entitled:

Maine	7	Ohio	21
New Hampshire	5	Indiana	13
Massachusetts	12	Illinois	16
Rhode Island	4	Michigan	8
Connecticut	6	Vermont	5
New York	33	Iowa	8
Wisconsin	8	Minnesota	4
New Jersey	7	Kansas	3
Pennsylvania	26	Kentucky	11
Delaware	3	Missouri	11
Maryland	7	California	5
Oregon	3		
Total			226

A "FELLOW FEELING."—I happened to arrive first in Cockeysville in the evening, alone, some hours before the regiment (the 8th) left Baltimore, and to while away the time sauntered into the "hotel." One of the prominent Cockeysvillians, with a face which looked more like a smoked ham than a human countenance, and who had a fine blooded horse (also a wife and some children), approached and gently pulled my coat-tail. I turned, and he inquired if I would n't "take a little su'thin." I virtuously told him no. He then informed me that the Pennsylvania officers who had just left the place had all been good fellows, when our conversation became rather dull, and turned mainly on horses, until he asked me where I was from. When I told him Massachusetts his eye brightened. I thought I had found a fellow-citizen at last, and waited to hear him say that he or his wife was born there. The old man smiled and seized my hand with enthusiasm: "Are you really from Massachusetts, though?" "Yes." "Ah—yes—Massachusetts—that's where the sire of my horse's dam was raised!"—

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

HARK! The minute gun is booming,
Far along the echoing shore;
Telling us a brave defender
In Freedom's ranks will fight no more.

Slowly moves the lengthened column
Down the long-extended street,
Keeping time to mournful measure;
List! the murmur of their feet!

Stand aside while it is passing—
Doff thy hat, and drop a tear
For the brave and noble soldier,
Who reposes on yon bier.

Dear to him our country's freedom;
Serving on through clouds of gloom;
Onward, ever was his watchword—
Honor now should crown his tomb.

Around his form the flag is fo'ded,
Drooping now its field of stars,
And his faithful sword is lying
Idly on the crimson bars.

Cold the hand that once it wielded,
Still that heart that urged it on,
For the spirit, e'er undaunted,
To its peaceful rest is gone.

No more he'll bear our glorious banner,
Emblem that we love and prize,
Through the din and smoke of battle,
Where it oft hath blest his eyes.

Nobly for us hath he striven,
He hath left a spotless name,
He hath won a crown of glory,
That he goeth now to claim.

New York, Aug. 23d, 1864. S.

A TALK WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

AT a time when thousands of honest, earnest men are in painful doubt concerning the fitness of our President to resume his office for another term, every incident which can throw light on his character has a peculiar interest for the public. It has been well said, that we never know a man thoroughly till we see him at his ease. Certain it is, that there are moments when we seem able to see *into* a man and *through* him. I thought I once had such an opportunity with Mr. Lincoln.

It was just after his controversy with Douglas, and some months before the meeting of the Chicago Convention of 1860, that Mr. Lincoln came to Norwich to make a political speech. It was in substance the famous speech delivered in New York, commencing with the noble words, "There is but one political question before the people of this country, which is this, *Is slavery right, or is it wrong?*" and ending with the yet nobler words, "Gentlemen, it has been said of the world's history hitherto, that 'might makes right'; it is for us and for our times to reverse the maxim, and to show that *right makes might!*"

The next morning I met him at the railroad station, where he was conversing with our mayor, every few minutes looking up the track, and inquiring, half impatiently and half quizzically, "Where's that wagon of yours? Why don't the wagon come along?" On being introduced to him, he fixed his eye upon me, and said, "I have seen you before, sir!" "I think not," I replied; "you must mistake me for some other person." "No, I don't; I saw you at the Town Hall, last evening." "Is it possible, Mr. Lincoln, that you could observe individuals so closely in such a crowd?" "Oh, yes!" he replied, laughing, "That is my way. I don't forget faces. Were you not there?" "I was, sir; and I was well paid for going," adding, somewhat in the vein of pleasantry he had started, "I consider it one of the most extraordinary speeches I ever heard."

As we entered the cars, he beckoned me to take a seat with him, and said, in a most agreeably frank way, "Were you sincere in what you said about my speech just now?" "I meant every word of it, Mr. Lincoln. Why, an old dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, who sat near me, applauded you repeatedly; and, when rallied upon his conversion to sound principles, answered, 'I don't believe a word he says, but I can't help clapping him, he is so *pat*.' That I call the triumph of oratory,

> 'When you convince a man against his will,
> [illegible]'

Indeed, sir, I learned more of the art of public speaking last evening than I could from a whole course of lectures on Rhetoric."

"Ah! that reminds me," said he, "of a most extraordinary circumstance which occurred in New Haven, the other day. They told me that the professor of rhetoric in Yale College—a very learned man, isn't he?"—"Yes, sir, and a fine critic, too." "Well, I suppose so; he ought to be, at any rate—they told me that he came to hear me and took notes of my speech, and gave a lecture on it to his class the next day; and, not satisfied with that, he followed me up to Meriden the next evening, and heard me again for the same purpose. Now, if this is so, it is to my mind very extraordinary. I have been sufficiently astonished at my success in the West. It has been most unexpected. But I had no thought of any marked success at the East, and least of all that I should draw out such commendations from literary and learned men. Now," he continued, "I should like very much to know what it was in my speech you thought so remarkable, and what you suppose interested my friend, the professor, so much." "The clearness of your statements, Mr. Lincoln; the unanswerable style of your reasoning, and especially your illustrations, which were romance and pathos and fun and logic all welded together. That story about the snakes, for example, which set the hands and feet of your democratic hearers in such vigorous motion, was at once queer and comical and tragic and argumentative. It broke through all the barriers of a man's previous opinions and prejudices, at a crash, and blew up the very citadel of his false theories, before he could know what had hurt him."

"Can you remember any other illustrations," said he, "of this peculiarity of my style?" I gave him others of the same sort, occupying some half-hour in the critique, when he said, "I am much obliged to you for this. I have been wishing for a long time to find some one who would make this analysis for me. It throws light on a subject which has been dark to me. I can understand, very readily, how such a power as you have ascribed to me will account for the effect which seems to be produced by my speeches. I hope you have not been too flattering in your estimate. Certainly, I have had a most wonderful success, for a man of my limited education."

"That suggests, Mr. Lincoln, an inquiry which has several times been upon my lips, during this conversation. I want very much to know how you got this unusual power of 'putting things.' It must have been a matter of education. No man has it by nature alone. What has your education been?"

"Well, as to education, the newspapers are correct—I never went to school more than six months in my life. But, as you say, this must be a product of culture in some form, I have been putting the question you ask me, to myself, while you have been talking. I can say this, that, among my earliest recollections, I remember how, when a mere child, I used to get irritated when anybody talked to me in a way I could not understand. I don't think I ever got angry at anything else in my life. But that always disturbed my temper, and has ever since. I can remember going to my little bed-room, after hearing the neighbors talk of an evening with my father, and spending no small part of the night walking up and down, and trying to make out what was the exact meaning of some of their, to me, dark sayings. I could not sleep, though I often tried to, when I got on such a hunt after an idea, until I had caught it; and when I thought I had got it, I was not satisfied until I had repeated it over and over, until I had put it in language plain enough, as I thought, for any boy I knew to comprehend. This was a kind of passion with me, and it has stuck by me, for I am never easy now, when I am handling a thought, till I have bounded it north and bounded it south and bounded it east and bounded it west. Perhaps that accounts for the characteristic you observe in my speeches, though I never put the two things together before."

"Mr. Lincoln, I thank you for this. It is the most splendid educational fact I ever happened upon. This is *genius*, with all its impulsive, inspiring, dominating power over the mind of its possessor, developed by education into *talent*, with its uniformity, its permanence, and its disciplined strength, always ready, always available, never capricious—the highest possession of the human intellect. But let me ask, did you prepare for your profession?"

"Oh, yes! I 'read law,' as the phrase is; that is, I became a lawyer's clerk in Springfield, and copied tedious documents, and picked up what I could of law in the intervals of other work. But your question reminds me of a bit of education I had, which I am bound in honesty to mention. In the course of my law-reading, I constantly came upon the word *demonstrate*. I thought, at first, that I understood its meaning, but soon became satisfied that I did not. I said to myself, 'What do I mean when I *demonstrate* more than when I *reason* or *prose*? How does *demonstration* differ from any other proof?' I consulted Webster's Dictionary. That told of 'certain proof,' 'proof beyond the possibility of doubt'; but I could form no idea what sort of proof that was. I thought a great many things were proved beyond a possibility of doubt, without recourse to any such extraordinary process of reasoning as I understood 'demonstration' to be. I consulted all the dictionaries and books of reference I could find, but with no better results. You might as well have defined *blue* to a blind man. At last I said, 'Lincoln, you can never make a lawyer if you do not understand what *demonstrate* means'; and I left my situation in Springfield, went home to my father's house and staid there till I could give any proposition in the six books of Euclid at sight. I then found out what 'demonstrate' means, and went back to my law-studies."

I could not refrain from saying, in my admiration at such a development of character and genius combined, "Mr. Lincoln, your success is no longer a marvel. It is the legitimate result of adequate causes. You deserve it all, and a great deal more. If you will permit me, I would like to use this fact publicly. It will be most valuable in inciting our young men to that patient classical and mathematical culture which most minds absolutely require. No man can talk well unless he is able first of all to define to himself what he is talking about. Euclid, well studied, would free the world of half its calamities, by banishing half the nonsense which now deludes and curses it. I have often thought that Euclid would be one of the best books to put on the catalogue of the Tract Society, if they could only get people to read it. It would be a means of grace."

"I think so," said he, laughing; "I vote for Euclid."

Just then a gentleman entered the car who was well known as a very ardent friend of Douglas. Being a little curious to see how Mr. Lincoln would meet him, I introduced him after this fashion: "Mr. Lincoln, allow me to introduce Mr. L——, a very partiuular friend of your particular friend Mr. Douglas." He at once took his hand in a most cordial manner, saying, "I have no doubt you think you are right, sir." This hearty tribute to the honesty of a political opponent, with the manner of doing it, struck me as a beautiful exhibition of a large-hearted charity, of which we see far too little in this debating, fermenting world.

As we neared the end of our journey, Mr. Lincoln turned to me very pleasantly, and said, "I want to thank you for this conversation. I have enjoyed it very much." I replied, referring to some stalwart denunciations he had just been uttering of the demoralizing influences of Washington upon Northern politicians in respect to the slavery question, "Mr. Lincoln, may I say one thing to you before we separate?" "Certainly, anything you please." "You have just spoken of the tendency of political life in Washington to debase the moral convictions of our representatives there by the admixture of considerations of mere political expediency. You have become, by the controversy with Mr. Douglas, one of our leaders in this great struggle with slavery, which is undoubtedly *the* struggle of the nation and the age. What I would like to say is this, and I say it with a full heart, *Be true to your principles and we will be true to you, and God will be true to us all!*" His homely face lighted up instantly with a beaming expression, and, taking my hand warmly in both of his, he said, "I say *Amen* to that—AMEN to that!"

There is a deep excavation in the rock shown to visitors, among the White Mountains, into which one of the purest of the mountain streams pours itself, known as "The Pool." As you stand by its side at an ordinary time, you look down upon a mass of impenetrable green, lying like a rich emerald in a setting of granite, upon the bosom of the mountain. But occasionally the noon-day sun darts through it a vertical ray which penetrates to its very bottom, and shows every configuration of the varied interior. I felt at that moment that a ray had darted down to the bottom of Abraham Lincoln's heart, and that I could see the whole. It seemed to me as beautiful as that emerald pool, and as pure. I have never forgotten that glimpse. When the strange revocation came of the most rational and reasonable proclamation of Fremont—"The slaves of rebels shall be set free"—I remembered that hearty "*Amen*" and stifled my rising apprehensions. I remembered it in those dark days when McClellan, Nero-like, was fiddling on James river, and Pope was being routed before Washington, and the report came that a prominent Cabinet minister had boasted that he had succeeded in preventing the issue of the Emancipation Proclamation, I said, "Abraham Lincoln will prove true yet." *And he has!* God bless him! *he has.* Slow, if you please, but *true.* Unimpassioned, if you please, but *true.* Jocose, trifling, if you please, but *true.* [illegible] visers, but *true* himself—*true as steel!* I could wish him less a man of facts, and more a man of ideas. I could wish him more stern and more vigorous. Every man has his faults. But still I say, *Amen to Abraham Lincoln!* My countrymen, can we do better, any of us, and all of us, than to say, *Amen to Abraham Lincoln*, till the Lakes shall echo it to the Gulf, and the eastern to the western sea?

Norwich, Conn.

—*Rev. John P. Gulliver, in the Independent.*

DARK HOURS.

BY CAROLINE A MASON.

Oh, my tried soul, be patient!—Roughest rinds
Fold over sweetest fruitage; heaviest clouds
Rain the most ample harvests on the fields;
The grass grows greenest where the wintry snows
Have fallen deepest, and the fairest flowers
Spring from old, dead decay. The darkest mine
Yields the most flashing jewels from its cell,
And stars are born of darkness, day of night.
Oh, my tried soul, be patient!—Yet for thee
Goes on the secret alchemy of life;
God, the One Giver, grants no boon to earth
That he withholds from thee; and from the dark
Of thy deep sorrow shall evolve new light,
New strength to do and suffer, new resolves,
Perchance new glad'nesses and freshest hopes!
Oh, there are times when I can no more weep
That I have suffered, for I know great strength
Is born of suffering; and I trust that still,
Wrapt in the dry husk of my outer life,
Lie warmer seeds than ever yet have burst
From its dull covering; stronger purposes
Stir consciously within, and make me great
With a new life—a life akin to God's—
Which I must nurture for the holy skies.
Help me! thou great All-Patient! for the flesh
Will sometimes faint, and the spirit fail;
Add to my human Thy divinest strength,
When next I waver; rouse my faith as now,
That out of darkness I may see great light,
And follow where it ever leads—to Thee!

DAWSON'S "FEDERALIST."

From Harper's Weekly.

SOME months since appeared a large and handsome edition of the *Federalist*, edited by Mr. Henry B. Dawson. The publication was presently followed by a highly animated correspondence in the papers between the editor, Mr. Dawson, and Messrs. James A. Hamilton and John Jay, mainly touching the aid and approbation the latter gentlemen were asserted or implied to have given to the new edition. So far as the controversy was personal we believe it is ended; but in "Mr. Jay's Second Letter on Dawson's Introduction to the *Federalist*" there are points of profound public concern.

We have more than once alluded to the attempt now making to denationalize the Union in the popular mind. The friends and political allies of the rebel leaders, under the cry of State Rights and State Sovereignty, are following Mr. Calhoun in his effort to establish the popular conviction that the Union is a League of sovereign and independent States, and that the Constitution is a treaty of whose obligations, as of the scope of his allegiance to it, each sovereign is the judge. This doctrine, of course, is the end of the Union, of the Government, and of the Nation; and is the complete triumph of the rebellion. The *Federalist* has been always considered the impregnable defence of the doctrine of American nationality in the Union. It was therefore a skillful plan of the enemies of the Union to attempt to undermine that defense. This plan, according to Mr. Jay, has been matured, and the object of his Second Letter is to show that Scribner's comely edition of the *Federalist* is and is to be edited by Mr. Dawson, for a second volume is yet to come, to shake the fundamental faith of the American people in the truth that their fathers in forming the Union practically founded a nation.

It seems that our old friends of the Society for the Diffusion of Political Knowledge, headed by Mr. S. F. B. Morse, issued, some time during the last year, a work called "Citizenship Sovereignty, by J. S. Wright, assisted by Professor J. Holmes Agnew, D D. Chicago. Published for American citizens, the true maintainers of State Sovereignty"—no name of printer or publisher appearing. The burden of this book, as the reader may suspect, is the loveliness of human slavery, and the doctrine that "a sovereign State should be unaccountable to all else but Deity." Calhoun and the secession philosophers, Bishop Hopkins and the slavery apologists, are of course duly eulogized, and Europe is called upon to recognize the Confederacy that has so nobly maintained itself: this, it appears, being the kind of political information which the members of the society are so anxious to diffuse.

In the course of the work Mr. Wright censures Mr. Motley's letter to the London *Times* at the opening of our war; but adds, by way of comfort to the enemies of the American Union, that "Mr. Henry B. Dawson has a rod in pickle that will be sufficient to whip him [Mr. Motley] into the traces." The context shows Mr. Wright's perfect familiarity with Mr. Dawson's views. "The chief point of difference between us is that he [Mr. Henry B. Dawson] considers the word 'nation' should never be used in connection with the United States, each State being the only 'nation,' whereas it appears to the writer [Mr. Wright] that, with clear conceptions that each State is the real nation, the United States may properly be called a 'nation' of nations. Mr. Dawson's edition of the *Federalist* has been alluded to, and his valuable notes will be found coincident with the views herein taken, and will be followed with the publication of other debates connected with the adoption of our Constitution, most opportune, and furnishing important information of which few have knowledge. . . . His extensive historical explorations convinced him years ago that we were all wrong about the *theory* of our government."

This is the useful political knowledge which is diffused, in the "Society's" own style and grammar, of the new edition of the *Federalist;* namely, that it is edited by (as Mr. Jay informs us) an Englishman, Mr. Henry B. Dawson, who has already, in print, charged, without proving, General Putnam with complicity in Arnold's treason; and who now undertakes, as Mr. Jay contends, to shake the national reverence for the men who exposed the essential folly of the doctrine of State sovereignty; to show that the evils of the old Confederacy did not spring from the nature of the bond; and that the Constitution was foisted upon the nation by false pretenses and political trickery.

Every one who reads Mr. Dawson's introduction can judge from its tone whether his editorial intention was to strengthen or to weaken public respect for the authors of the *Federalist*, and to confirm or destroy the conviction, essential to the maintenance of the Union, that we are a nation and not a Confederacy. But while this may be a matter of inference from the introduction, the quotations from the work of Mr. Wright's, which Mr. Jay publishes in his "Second Letter," leave little doubt that the intention of Mr. Dawson's edition of the *Federalist* is to show us that "we are all wrong about the theory of our government"; that sovereignty belongs to the States, not to the nation; that, consequently, secession is a reserved right; the war against secession wicked, and the Union at an end.

WE TWO.

BY CLARENCE BUTLER.

We own no houses, no lots, no lands,
No dainty viands for us are spread,
By sweat of our brows and toil of our hands
We earn the pittance that buys our bread.
And yet we live in a grander state,
Sunbeam and I, than the millionaires
Who dine off silver and golden plate,
With liveried lacqueys behind the chairs.

We have no riches in houses and stocks,
No bank-books show our balance to draw,
Yet we carry a safe key that unlocks
More treasure than Cœsus ever saw.
We wear no velvet or satin fine,
We dress in a very homely way,
But ah! what luminous lustres shine
About Sunbeam's gowns and my hodden gray.

When we walk together (we do not ride,
We are far too poor) it is very rare
We are bowed unto from the other side
Of the street—but for this we do not care;
We are not lonely, we pass along,
Sunbeam and I, and *you* cannot see,
We can, what tall and beautiful throngs
Of angels we have for company.

No harp, no dulcimer, no guitar,
Breaks into music at Sunbeam's touch,
But do not think that our evenings are
Without their music; there is none such
In the concert halls, where the palpitant air
In musical billows floats and swims;
Our lives are as psalms, and our foreheads wear
A calm, like the *peal* of beautiful hymns.

When cloudy weather obscures our skies,
And some days darken with drops of rain,
We have but to look in each other's eyes,
And all is balmy and bright again.
Ah, ours is the alchemy that transmutes
The drugs to elixir—the dross to gold,
And so we live on Hesperian fruits,
Sunbeam and I, and never grow old.

Never grow old, but we live in peace,
And love our fellows and envy none,
And our hearts are glad at the large increase
Of plentiful virtues under the sun.
And the days pass on with their thoughtful tread,
And the shadows lengthen toward the west,
But the wane of our young years brings no dread
To break their harvest of quiet rest.

Sunbeam's hair will be streaked with gray,
And time will furrow my darling's brow,
The tender halo that crowns it now?"
So we dwell in wonderful opulence,
With nothing to hurt us or upbraid,
And my life trembles with reverence,
And Sunbeam's spirit is not afraid.

"INTELLIGENT CONTRABANDS."

THE Nashville correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* relates the following:

Who has not seen it asserted in pro-slavery prints a thousand times, that negroes were incapable of taking care of themselves; that they had no intellect, and neither could nor would learn anything, and that they would not work. But how is it now? So far as work is concerned, one has but to be here to see how readily they adapt themselves to any employment, and how eagerly they seek it when idle. As to their capacity and desire to learn, any one can satisfy himself by attending the negro school here. I will here illustrate the subject by two anecdotes. A short time since, the following appeared in the local columns of a pro-slavery paper:

"'NIGGERS IS RIZ.'—A lady friend amused us yesterday with a scene in a book-store, 'all of which she saw, and part of which she was.' Standing at a counter was an 'ebony idol' of the thick-lipped low-forehead, eboe-shin cast, who was diligently turning the leaves of a large volume. Incited by the vice of her sex, curiosity, she approached him and asked him what he was reading.

"'Ise just lookin' for a accident in the life of Solon.'

"Glancing at the book, the lady observed it bore the title of 'Plutarch's Lives.' 'Are you fond of such books?' said the lady.

"'No, mam,' said Ebony, 'for steady readin' I prefers Homer's Iliad.'

"With new ideas of ebony, enlarged, doubtless, by the signs of the times, the lady left the store. This may not be funny, but it has, like Johnson's rhyme in 'Sylvester,' the merit of being true."

The incident I found to be a true one, and the Editor in question attempts to cast ridicule upon the negro by putting in his mouth the jargon of the plantation, while he speaks and writes as good English as the editor himself. But what becomes of the assertion that negroes have no literary taste?

Another instance illustrates the eagerness of negroes to acquire an education still farther. A lady friend of mine, a very strong rebel, was complaining that she could not get a negro servant to do her work. Said she: "I hire them, and they work till they get $20 or $30, and then they leave and go to school." I told her that I rather commended that trait in their character. She was quite vexed that a "nigger" should want to learn to read, "when it would never do them any good." Finally, before the conversation ended, she expressed a desire that I should inform the readers of the *Tribune* how proud they were getting down here, so that the people of the North might see what they were doing by setting them free. I have done as requested; but I am inclined to think that the loyal North will rather rejoice that the freedmen are so anxious to prepare themselves for their new sphere in life.

GRAPE CULTURE IN MISSOURI.

THE St. Louis *Union* says: "Anyone passing up or down the Missouri railroad at this season of the year is pleasantly reminded at Hermann that he lives in the land of the vine, if not of the olive. As the train stops there for dinner it is immediately invaded by scores of children, each bearing a basket filled with ripe and blushing clusters of the Delaware, Concord, Catawba and other favorite table grapes. Travellers seem to prefer remaining in the cars with a light lunch, accompanied by a bottle of native wine and a few of the rich clusters from the Hermann vineyards.

"Owing to the effect of the great severity of last Winter upon the vines, there will be but a small crop of grapes the present season. This is the second time in the last fifteen years that the vines have suffered severely from the frosts of Winter. In both these instances, however, they were only prevented from bearing a full crop the following Summer.

"The inhabitants of Hermann first, and of many other localities since, have fully demonstrated the fact that Southern Missouri is one of the best vine-growing countries in the world. There are not less than ten million acres south of the Missouri river, as well adapted to the production of fine wine as any part of Europe. The experiments already made prove that vine-growing and wine-making in Missouri are exceedingly profitable. The average result of good culture in a proper locality is not less than three hundred dollars to the acre, and in many cases as much as a thousand dollars has been realized from the product of a single acre as soon as the grapes were pressed into wine. It requires about three years to bring a vineyard into full bearing, but after the ground is once thoroughly prepared and the vine set, the labor and expense of cultivation are little more than would be required for the same area of corn, hemp or tobacco. Hitherto most of the vineyards in the State have been planted and cultivated by our German neighbors, but lately the sharp-sighted and money-making natives, discovering the profits of the business, have turned their attention to the work of wine-growing, and the prospect is, that in a few years the wine production of Missouri will outstrip every other source of wealth derived from the soil."

GEORGE THOMPSON, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

[We copy the following from the *Evening Post*, wherein it appeared as one of a series of personal sketches entitled "Friends of the Union in England."]

GEORGE THOMPSON, LL.D., began public life at a time when the powers of popular oratory were needed to create a furore of popular conviction, that the tide which Clarkson and Wilberforce had been creating might be brought to a flood on which the imperial power of England might ride triumphantly over the selfish obstacles of mercantile and colonial interests. And in the few years which it required to do this Mr. Thompson had Henry Brougham as a co-laborer. When the work was done, Brougham, possessing better connections than Mr. Thompson, offered him his assistance in passing through the Temple and entering the Inns of Courts. Such an offer was tempting to a young Englishman without means, and the friendship which it implied was to the highest degree flattering, and no doubt Mr. Thompson would have accepted the offer and secured the friendship if Providence had not just at this time thrown in his way a young man about his own age from America. He, too, made an offer to the young Englishman. The first offer promised competency, distinction and perhaps glory, but the second involved persecution, disgrace, and, as to immediate results, failure. And with a full understanding of what was involved, the young Englishman accepted the offer to come to the United States to labor for the slave. The choice, to use a business phrase, killed his prospects in life.

In England the luxury of philanthropic labor is held to belong to the wealthy who have leisure to indulge it, or to the powerful who are entrusted with authority. The man, therefore, who, without either of these advantages, chooses philanthropy as a profession, falls under the damaging suspicions of the upper class, which accuses him of ambition in trying to be equal to the rich, and great without their aids, and such suspicions soon find contempt; or else he suffers under the condemnation of his own class, which accuses him of neglecting his worldly interests, and therefore, as they think, his family, at the suggestions of an inordinate ambition to ape his superiors, or their accusations of an indolence that shows the difficulties of a trade or profession.

Naturally enough, then, the upper class in England opposed Mr. Thompson's coming to America on the same plea that the pro-slavery people opposed him here—that of unjustifiable interference with the domestic affairs of a country to which he was an alien. And it may be said that the professedly anti slavery aristocrats, then as now, furnished the weapons with which slavery fought against its adversaries. Then, as now, they admitted the evils of slavery, but resisted every moral claim of the slave which came in conflict with their class. As for themselves, they did not covet the disgrace of being sinners, but still less did they covet the glory of fighting against the sin. When, through their instigation, therefore, the pro-slavery people found a plea at hand for driving George Thompson from these shores, and he returned to his own land, he was, by the agreement of the upper class, rigidly confined to the field of reform among the common people—the kind that heard our Savior gladly. He gave himself up to the work of arousing the people to the claims of Parliamentary reform and the repeal of the Corn laws, and, of course, his conduct in these respects did not help to conciliate the upper classes. When this work was done he returned to America to find a better reception than at first, and to see some progress in the work to which he had devoted his life. Returning home again he was moved by the flagrant injustice done by a great mercantile monopoly to an Indian prince, and he espoused his cause. He went to India on this business, and upon his return he laid the claims of his client before the East India Company with such interest and completeness in a speech of nine hours that few left the room during its delivery, and justice was in some measure secured. He then became a member of Parliament for the Tower Hamlets, one of the most populous boroughs of the metropolis. But this step did not produce satisfactory [illegible] view to keeping up the order of the aristocracy, but ostensibly to preserve the respectability of the House of Commons, no pay is given to its members, and, as a rule, besides working for nothing, a man has to spend from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars to control an election. The election expenses then would be likely to consume all or nearly all of the means of a man who had given his whole life to the people, for even in his advocacy for the Indian Prince George Thompson had taken no more pay than would meet his expenses. He was, therefore, compelled to lecture and to attend to other business while a member of Parliament, which caused him to be absent at some important votes, and this gave some offence to his constituency. But this was unavoidable. George Thompson had no more business in the House of Commons than Garrison would have had in the Congress under Buchanan. When our war broke out, therefore, George Thompson was free, and had he not been, it would have been just like him to throw up all other engagements that he might fight at home against the secessionists of his own country, and aid in preserving a Union which had been unexpectedly cleansed of slaveholding rule.

For three years he gave himself up to this work. No trace of bitterness at the recollection of his former treatment by the North remained in his heart. But every where and at all times he gave himself to the cause of those who had been his enemies. Mr. Thompson's make-up is such as to commend him to a popular audience, for in the first place, after Wendell Phillips, he is perhaps the most extemporaneous speaker of all English orators. We remember a great meeting of four thousand people in favor of the Union held at the old Spafields Chapel in London, when Thompson spoke. The *Star* was short of reporters, and as it wished to publish Mr. Thompson's speech, he wrote it out in full. Just before the meeting he broke his spectacles, and there being an optician present Mr. Thompson gave them to him to mend. The optician, finding himself unable to do so, gave Mr. Thompson his own, and when he began his address he found that the "specs" wouldn't work. Supposing it was for want of light he asked for a candle, but as the pigeon-hole pulpit which he spoke in was round on top, there was no place for the candle, so the optician had to hold it. Crouched up in the corner of a little hole not large enough to hold one man, the candle-holder sat beside the orator. Addressing a few words to the audience, made out from the manuscript with difficulty, the orator would in an aside say to the candle-holder, "Hold your candle a little higher"; and like a man in a "situation," the breathing chandelier would pop up the candle too high. A few more words to the audience and then "a little lower, if you please"; down would go the candle a little lower; in fact so low that the orator could not see. Becoming hopeless of doing what he was not used to—reading, and especially with bad eye-glasses under a jack-o'-lantern sort of light, the orator cried out so that all could hear him, "Please take that candle away altogether," and sweeping his writing from before him, he launched out in an extemporaneous address of an hour, which was one of the most eloquent we ever listened to.

Mr. Thompson's power as an orator consists in his moral intuition, and his chief instruments of exhibiting that power are narrative and eulogy. No man's natural sense can be keener in discriminating between right and wrong; few men can narrate the injustices of an evil and the sufferings of its victim with the force, vividness and effect of Mr. Thompson; and fewer still can lift a eulogium to the dazzling heights and crown it with the natural, the beautiful, the wonderful climax that he can. He does not contrive startling effects for his speeches, but he is as quick in perception as he is wealthy in resource. At a meeting in Wycombe we were among his hearers, when the dense crowd and the conservative influence of the borough manifesting itself in the meeting, made it difficult for him to proceed. The colored preacher, Thomas Kennaird, who has recently been arrested and fined in Delaware, was on the platform. Mr. Thompson, pausing in his speech for a moment, when some one cried out that slavery had nothing to do with the war, stepped back a pace or two and began thus: "When, in the days of our Savior, the dispute arose what the Jewish conscience had to do with Cæsar, Christ, taking a penny, asked, 'Whose image and superscription are these?' and when they answered him 'Cæsar's,' he replied, 'then render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.' Then with a quick movement he caught Mr. Kennaird by the arm, raising him to his feet before the audience, and continued: "Englishmen, whose image—whose image is this?" He repeated the question slowly and solemnly, "I ask whose image is this?" Some one on the platform, catching his purpose, replied as solemnly, "God's." "Then," cried the orator, rising in the grandeur of his feelings till his eyes sparkled and his lips trembled, "render unto the South the things that are it's, and unto God the things that are God's"; and he added in the same burst of feeling, "Whether the South is fighting for slavery or not, it is enough for true Englishmen to know that it holds the image of God in slavery, and while it is impossible for you or me to see on an English platform a man of virtue and a minister of the gospel whom the Southerners have enslaved, no matter what they are fighting for, we have but to remember who are fighting." There was no more disturbance in the meeting.

Mr. Thompson is to the common people of England what Newman Hall is to the same class in London—their acknowledged leader. We did not visit a town in England but what some person came up to us to inquire if we knew George Thompson, and when we answered yes, the person would brighten up to tell us that he had stopped at their house or their father's.

What he has done for the Union among the common people is too well known to need mention from us, but that he has done it at his own expense, though not a man of means, ought not to be forgotten.

He has given his life to the cause of humanity. These countries—England, America and India—have been blest by his sympathy and aided by his remarkable abilities, and forty years of labor for the African race have given him a place along with the great philanthropists of the world.

READING ON THE RAIL FOR CHICAGO.

From Harper's Weekly.

ABOUT seventeen years ago Mr. Hosea Biglow, of Jaalam, contributed some sprightly verses to the Boston *Courier* of those days (not these). They were afterward published, with others not less lively, in a convenient volume, edited by Homer Wilbur, A.M., which has latterly been included in the works of James Russell Lowell, doubtless for reasons satisfactory to Mr. Biglow and his editor. There is one poem in the collection called "The Debate in the Sennit," which, as Mr. Calhoun is its hero—who was, speaking humanly, the real author of this war—we have thought might be a subject of fruitful meditation to delegates upon their way to Chicago. They will remember that Gen. Jackson, who used to be good Democratic authority, said that the slavery agitation would be the next excuse of the secessionists. Nor will they forget that Mr. Jefferson Davis, in his conversation with Col. Jacques and Mr. Gilmore, has just confirmed the General's prophecy. The younger delegates to Chicago, who are pondering compromise or reunion upon the terms of the disciples of Mr. Calhoun, may not be unwilling to be reminded that Gen. Jackson was always sorry that he did not hang Mr. Calhoun.

THE DEBATE IN THE SENNIT—(1848).

SUT TO A NUSRY RHYME.

"Here we stan' on the Constitution, by thunder!
It's a fact o' wich ther's bushils o' proofs;
For how could we trample on't so, I wonder,
Ef 't worn't thet it's ollers under our hoofs?"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Human rights haint no more
Right to come on this floor,
No more'n the man in the moon," sez he.

"The North haint no kind o' bisness with nothin',
An' you've no idee how much bother it saves;
We aint none riled by their frettin' an' frothin'.
We're used to layin' the string on our slaves,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
Sez Mister Foote,
"I should like to shoot
The holl gang, by the gret horn spoon!" sez he.

"Freedom's Keystone is Slavery, thet ther's no doubt on,
It's sutthin' thet's—wha' d' ye call it?—divine,—
An' the slaves thet we ollers *make* the most out on
Air them north o' Mason an' Dixon's line,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"For all thet," sez Mangum,
"'Twould be better to hang 'em,
An' so git red on 'em soon," sez he.

"The mass ough' to labor an' we lay on soffas,
Thet's the reason I want to spread Freedom's aree;
It puts all the cunninest on us in office,
An' reelises our Maker's orig'nal idee,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Thet's ez plain," sez Cass,
"Ez thet some one's an ass,
It's ez clear ez the sun is at noon," sez he.

"Now don't go to say I'm the friend of oppression,
But keep all your spare breath fer coolin' your broth,
Fer I ollers hev strove (at least thet's my impression)
To make cussed free with the rights o' the North,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Yes," sez Davis o' Miss.,
"The perfection o' bliss
Is in skinnin' thet same old coon," sez he.

"Slavery's a thing thet depends on complexion—
It's God's law that fetters on black skins don't chafe;
Ef brains wuz to settle it (horrid reflection!)
Wich of our onnable body'd be safe?"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
Sez Mister Hunnegan,
Afore he began again,
"Thet exception is quite oppertoon," sez he.

"Gen'le Cass, Sir, you needn't be twitchin' your collar;
Your merit's quite clear by the dut on your knees;
At the North we don't make no distinctions o' color;
You can all take a lick at our shoes won you please,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
Sez Mister Jarnagin,
"They wun't hev to larn agin,
They all on 'em know the old toon," sez he.

"The slavery question ain't no ways bewilderin',
North an' South hev one int'rest, it's plain to a glance;
Northern men, like us patriarchs, don't sell our children.
But they *du* sell themselves, ef they git a good chance,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
Sez Atherton here,
"This is gittin' severe,
I wish I could live like a loon," says he.

"I'll break up the Union, this talk about freedom,
An' your factry gals (soon ez we split) 'll make head,
An' gittin' some Miss chief or other to lead 'em,
'll go to work raisin' promiscuous Ned,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Yes, the North," sez Colquitt,
"Ef we Southerners all quit,
Would go down like a busted balloon," sez he.

"Jest look wut is doin', wut annyky's brewin',*
In the beautiful clime o' the olive an' vine;
All the wise aristoxy is tumblin' to ruin,
An' the sankylots drorin' an' drinkin' their wine,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Yes," sez Johnson, "in France
They're beginnin' to dance
Beelzebub's own rigadoon," sez he.

"The South's safe enough, it don't feel a mite skeery,
Our slaves in their darkness an' dut air to blest
Not to welcome with proud hallelugers the cry
Wen our eagle kicks vourn from the naytional nest,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Oh," sez Westcott o' Florida,
"Wut treason is horrider
Then our priv'leges tryin' to proon?" sez he.

"It's coz they're so happy, thet, wen crazy sarpints
Stick their nose in our bizness, we git so darned riled;
We think it's our dooty to give pooty sharp hints,
Thet the last crumb of Eden on airth shan't be spiled,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Ah," sez Dixon H. Lewis,
"It's perfectly true is
That slavery's airth's grettest boon," sez he.

* The French Revolution of 1848.

EDWARD LIVINGSTON.—There is just a temptation to smile at the picture presented here, of a child of one of the few feudal families in America, born and educated in such purple as they had, trained in luxury, and accustomed to it his life through, going through a long life as an ultra Democrat—friend of the masses of men and their favorite—taking and giving the prizes and honors of office as if they were a part of the appanage of the Livingston manor, and dying near the place of his birth on that princely estate, while it had been convenient for him, for a considerable part of his life, to accept the favors of a very distant community. But this is really, in no sense, any discredit to Livingston. He did believe in the people; the people did not know much about him, but the men whom the people liked did know about him. And it was a great deal better that such a man as he should be Secretary of State, or Minister to France, than it would have been to have Jack Cade in one of those places, or Henry Clay Pate in the other. So the smile must not be expanded into a satire. It is, in fact, with a grim satisfaction that we observe that, when the stout old General (Jackson) came to the throne, he took his own stalwart way of surrounding himself with able servants. Well if all Presidents would follow an example so notable.—*Christian Examiner.*

APPEARANCE OF THE SUN FROM THE NORTH POLE.—To a person standing at the north pole, the sun appears to sweep horizontally around the sky every twenty-four hours without any perceptible variation during its circuit in its distance from the horizon. On the 21st of June it is 23 deg. 38 min. above the horizon, a little more than one-fourth of the distance to the zenith, the highest point that it ever reaches. From this altitude it slowly descends, its track being represented by a spiral or screw with a very fine thread, and in the course of three months it worms its way down to the horizon, which it reaches on the 23d of September. On this day it slowly sweeps around the sky with its face half hidden below the icy sea. It still continues to descend, and after it has entirely disappeared it is still so near the horizon that it carries a bright twilight around the heavens in its daily circuit.

As the sun sinks lower and lower, this twilight gradually grows fainter till it fades away. On the 20th of December the sun is 23 deg. 28 min. below the horizon, and this is the midnight of the dark winter of the pole. From this date the sun begins to ascend, and after a time his return is heralded by a faint dawn which circles slowly around the horizon, completing its circuit every twenty-four hours. This dawn grows gradually brighter, and on the 20th of March the peaks of ice are gilded with the first level rays of the six-months' day. The bringer of this long day continues to wind